

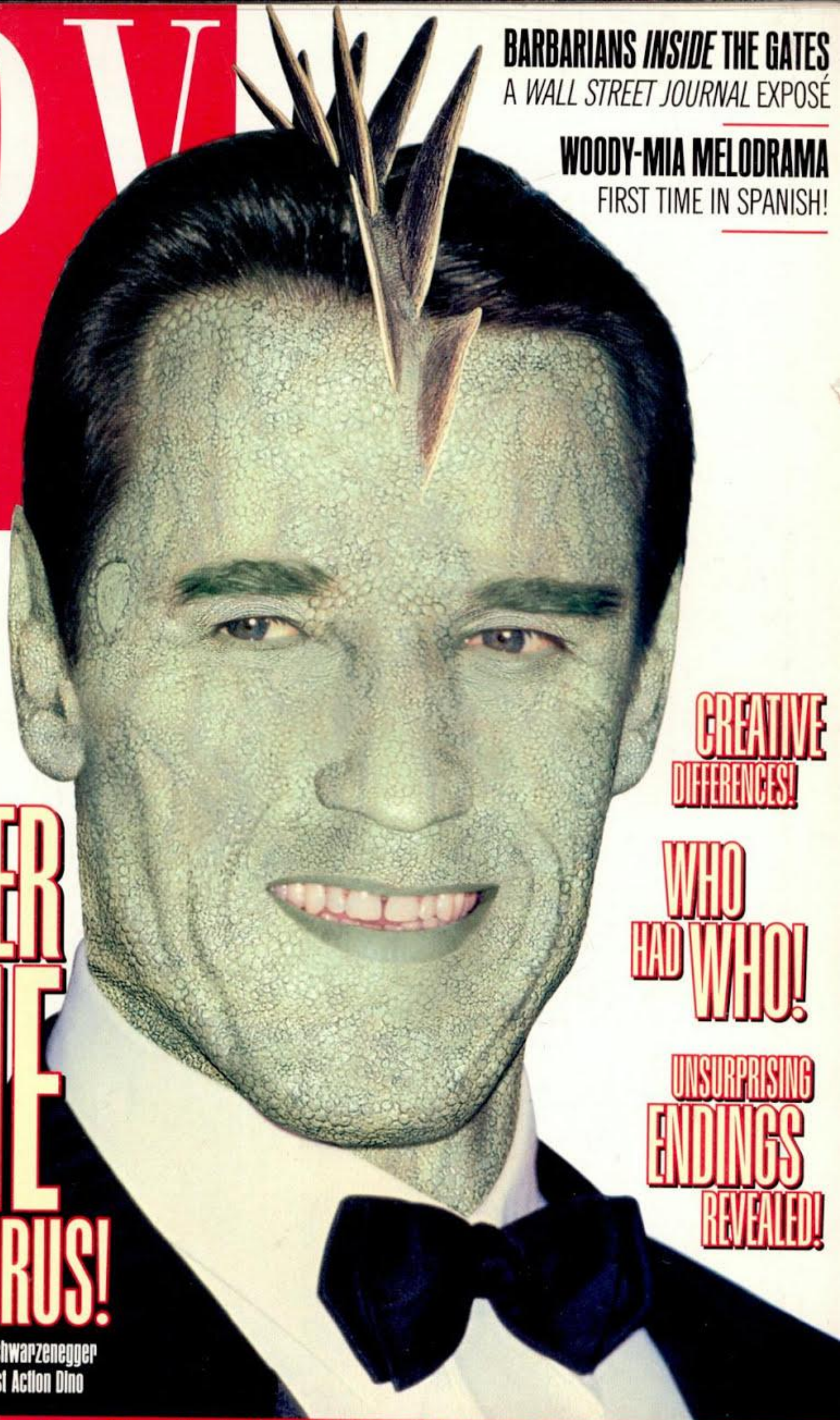
SPY

June 1993

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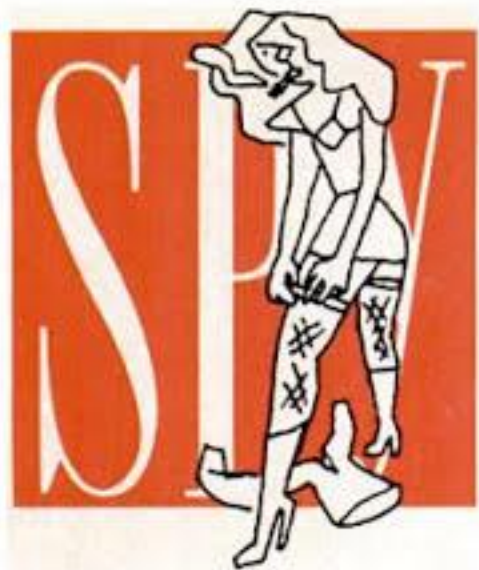


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LAS AVENTURAS DE WOODY Y MIA: UNA FOTONOVELA ESPECIAL

► *Fue el amor de la década. Fue el proceso más famoso de nuestros tiempos. Ahora es una fotonovela increíble. Por fin, narramos la historia de Woody y Mia en el medio de expresión justo. Por JAMIE MALANOWSKI y LORENZO DOYLE 53*

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(Good)



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T I M E P I E C E S



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Harry Conde, after being demoted one rank and

"It's just ironic how you come to restore my hope. Who's going to restore my hope?"—Gunnery Sergeant
fined \$1,706 for shooting a 13-year-old Somali who tried to steal his sunglasses

June bugs



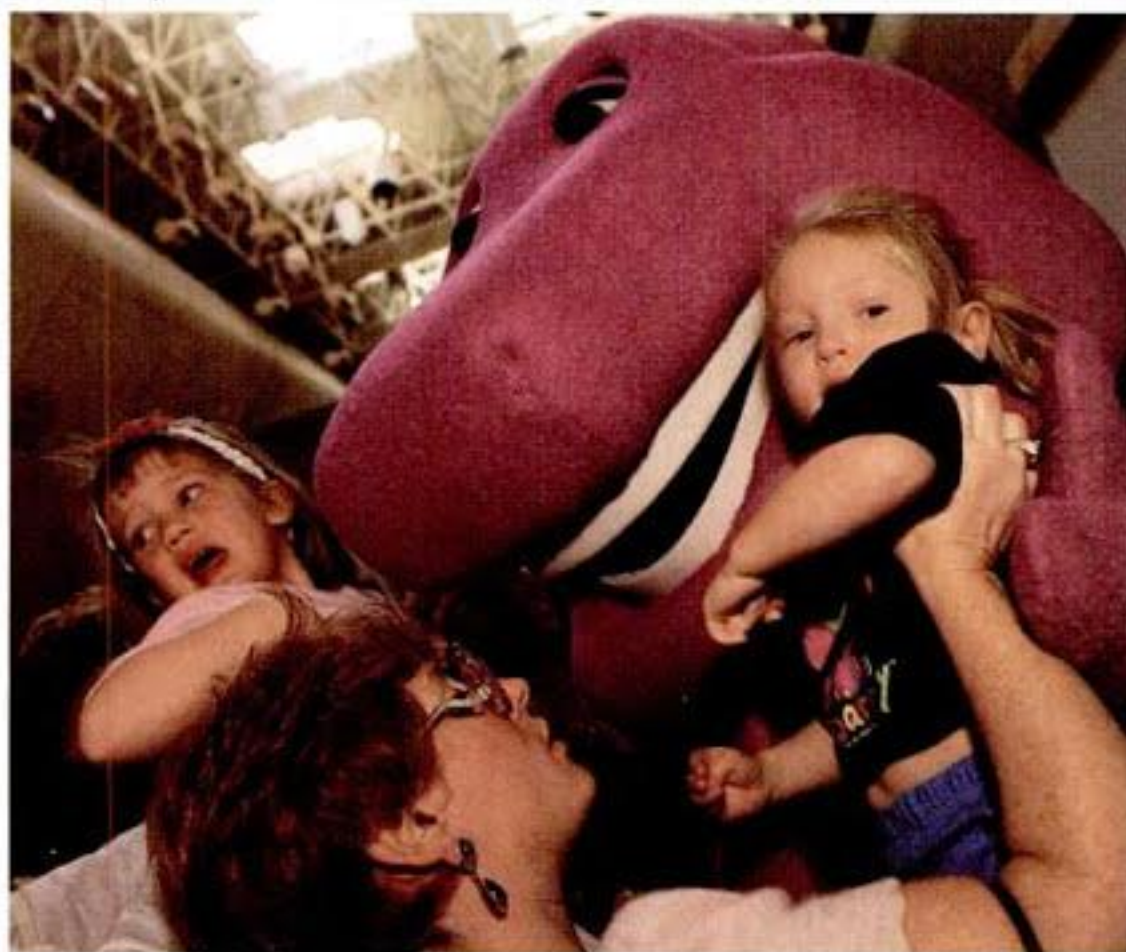
JUNE BUGS, WHEN WE WERE A KID, WERE THE SIZE OF OUR THUMB AND YET MOSTLY HARMLESS DESPITE A POWERFUL AFTERTASTE, WE DISCOVERED ONE BAREFOOT AFTERNOON WHEN GREG ROBERTS

offered us a dollar to eat three. (Why three? He only *had* three.) June bugs seem smaller now, and they're loaded with pesticides, so

we consume only the maximum number of bugs and bug parts allowed by law anymore, but one lesson we learned that almost-summer day continues to serve us well—*Always ask to see the cash.* 📺 Savoring

bygone Junes and bugs, we wonder: Whatever happened to positive role models like Greg Roberts, who taught

kids like us the value of a dollar? And while we're at it, whatever happened to another lesson we learned when we were a kid, *Stay away from Mr. Stranger Danger*? What we mean is, what, *ever*, could be stranger or dangerer than a big



purple dinosaur named Barney who really, *really*, hyuck, *ruheely* loves children? 🦖 Big purple dinosaurs, when we were a kid, were something Ralph Wrona's mom sighted on occasion, and Barney was the name of Pete Messina's fun uncle, who was never allowed to take us anyplace. These days Barney is a lardy-ass, mascot-upholstered PBS star, *molestusaurus*

purpura, opiate of the toddler masses and mental root canal of their parents. "Next to Barney," one concerned father spumed in *The New York Times* recently, "Sandy Duncan is a flesh-eating succubus." Maybe so, but then what do we make of that broad-

Great Expectations

cast of *Barney & Friends* on a public-access channel in Athens, Ohio, that included the slogans SUBMIT TO BARNEY and BARNEY IS NEXT TO GODLINESS flashing on the screen?

Always ask to see the cash. Barney's projected ancillary gross revenue for 1993 is \$200 million, to be raised, as every parent knows, one child at a time. Here's how: (1) Barney destroys the child's free will by *singing the same goddamned fucking stupid song over and over*; (2) PBS goons step in and tell the kid he can have his very own Barney book bag or backpack if only his parents call in and subscribe at the \$100 level; and (3) manufacturers recall all the bags and packs because, it turns out, they leak lead, somewhat undercutting their value as educational accessories. Sounds crazy, but it works. "Kids see these toys and, like my daughter, they desperately want them," one Barney-beleaguered mother complained. "They have no idea of what \$100 is."

When we were a kid, *we* did—300 June bugs.

The sad decline in the math skills of our nation's youth is further, and stunningly, evident in the one-girl-equals-one-point sexual scoring system used by the Spur Posse of Lakewood, California. We can't help thinking that *when we were a kid*, it was possible to make it to *eleventh base* with a girl, and that included *fractions*. Also, we can't help thinking that when we were a kid, and we did something reprehensible like try to go to eleventh base with a girl to impress our friends, we could depend on our dad being first in line to smack us on the head. No longer. "He has to defend himself from these girls day and night," posse pop Don Belman said in support of his not-indicted-for-rape son. "I can tell you, these girls around my son are giving it away. It's frightening." Yes, but not as frightening as when Bel-

man added, "My son is 6 feet, 190 pounds. He's all man. His body is his temple. It's like Li'l Abner." Of course, when we were a kid, we would have *preferred* our father smack us than make unsettling homoerotic comments about us to *The New York Times*.

Whatever happened to good old-fashioned father-son bonding? For example, the ad in our latest issue of *Guns & Ammo*: "Seems like only yesterday that your father brought you here for the first time. Those were the good times—just you, Dad, and his Smith & Wesson." These days fathers and sons all have their *own* guns, which is just not the same thing at all. We were encouraged to see, though, in Los Angeles recently, several *families* lining up to buy guns in anticipation of the aggressively advertised riots. ("You guys are wonderful," Scott Ehredt, general manager of L.A.'s Gun World chain, thanked the media.) Alas, the riots were preempted by justice, and so we the viewers were cheated out of heartwarming scenes of families banding together to blow away looters.

In New York, where it seems that *only* the kids have guns, the positive-role-model situation can be summed up in five words: *Woody Allen and Joey Buttafuoco*. But that's not all. In the Bronx, a mother stabbed her ten-year-old son in the hand and poured boiling water on him because, according to her husband, "she just wanted him to study." And also in the Bronx, in a mass demonstration of nonpositive role modeling, a bank robber temporarily delayed his capture by tossing \$10,000 into the street, creating instant traffic gridlock. "The good citizens of the Bronx collected about \$7,000," Lieutenant Ronald Betterly

reported, before responding to a media inquiry, "Give the money back? What, are you kidding? This is New York City."

Out in the heartland, traditional source of our bedrock values and positive role models (Jeffrey Dahmer, John Wayne Gacy and the still-unrisen-at-press-time David Koresh notwithstanding), things aren't much better. In Bemidji, Minnesota, two former television journalists were sentenced to 90 days in jail for buying beer for teenagers in order to film a report on underage drinking. Illinois spawned this increasingly familiar headline: 4 PRIESTS LINKED TO SEX MISDEEDS. And in Ohio, Congressman Martin Hoke, GOP freshman role model, gave young Republicans an important lesson in courting etiquette recently when, in reference to two freshman

House colleagues, he said, "I could date Maria Cantwell or Blanche Lambert—they're hot."

When we were a kid, elected officials were considered positive role models, believe it or not. Especially the president of the United States. (No, *really*.) In fact, we were thinking about how George Washington could not tell a lie the other day when the current president showed up with two ugly scratches on his face and his spokeswoman explained, "The president cut himself shaving." This, not surprisingly, was a lie, but, disturbingly, it was also *a totally unnecessary one*.

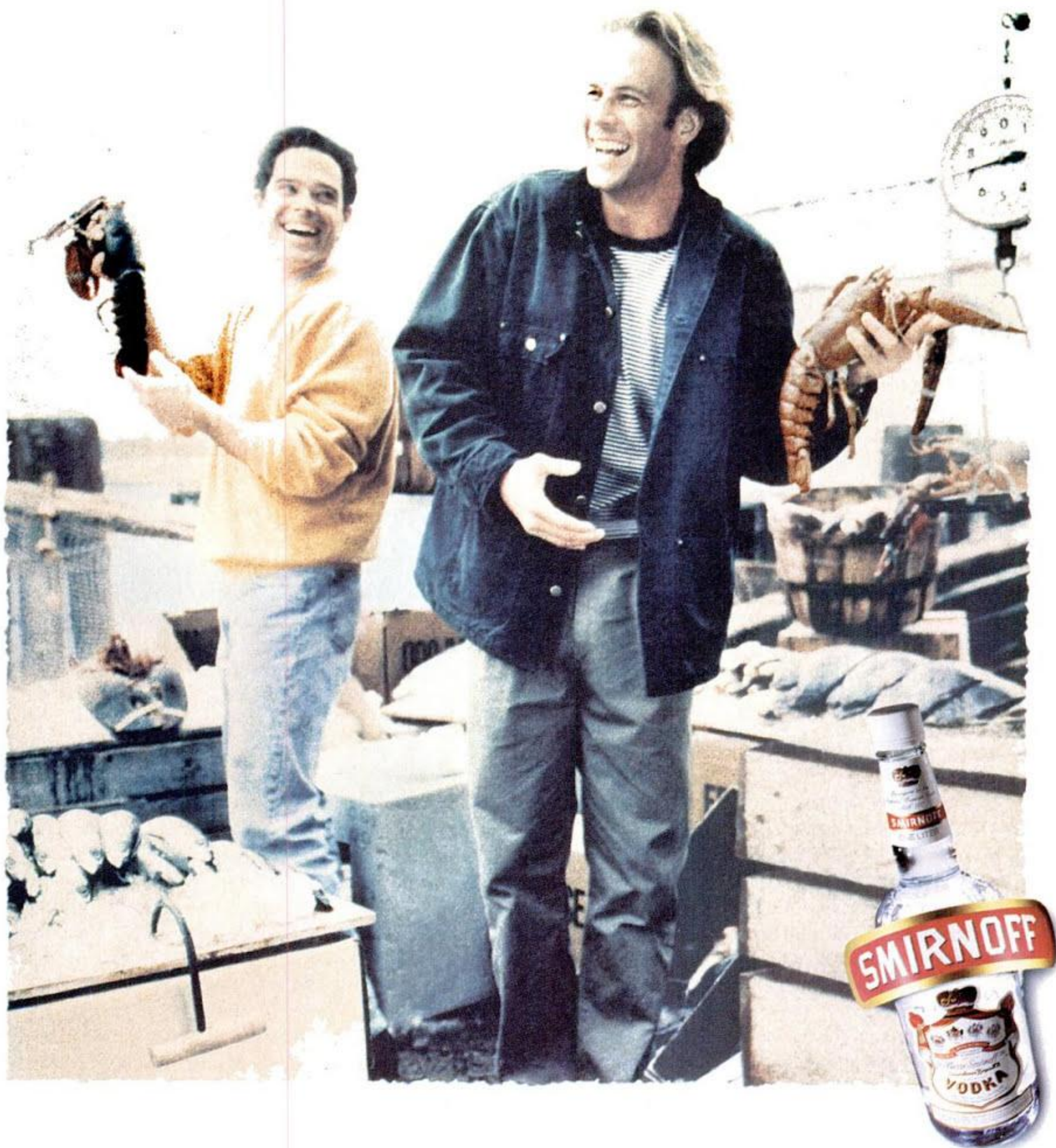
"I got this playing with my daughter, I'm ashamed to say," the president later acknowledged. "Rolling around, acting like a child again. I reaffirm that I'm not a kid anymore."

Neither are we, thank God. Although, we're not ashamed to say, there are days we can still taste it. ☷



**Whatever
happened to good
old-fashioned
father-son bonding?**

Just met our dates for dinner.



Cooking tip. Boil the water. Chill out with Smirnoff.

Perfect.

From the SPY Mailroom



There's a right way and a wrong way to do anything. We in the mailroom learned that lesson early on with the postage meter (*yes, it's like stamps; no, you don't have to lick anything*), but somehow we've managed to muck up this column. What for years was a comfortable little space for networking with lost classmates and posing random questions has in recent months turned into an ongoing forum on the optimum location for SPY's offices. It started in February with talk of a move to Kentucky. The next month we discussed a Japanese SPY. In April it was Capodistria, Slovenia. And last month we declared our interest in moving to Utah. In retrospect, this was all a mistake.

First of all, we should have known that any mention of Utah would bring unsolicited information about the Mormons, and Sean Griffin of Manhattan sent us an eleven-page *Forbes* article about them. Oh, sure, Griffin says he simply wanted to alert us to *Forbes's* use of "Separated at Birth?" (TM Spy Corp.) under pictures of Brigham Young and techno-Mormon Ray Noorda, but we know that a pitch for that industrial park outside Provo is coming—polygamy and no satire tax! And then Nicole Diller of San Francisco writes, "It is my understanding that you have an office in Madagascar that conducts development efforts. I will be going to Madagascar this year and would be interested in volunteering in these projects." Uh-oh. If you can still refund your ticket, Ms. Diller, we do have an internship program right here on exotic Union Square West.

On to the networking with lost classmates. "It seems odd to me that someone from Kingwood High

Letters to SPY

Saskatoon, R.F.D.

I believe you're way off base on Don Knotts in the "Refuseniks" article ["Love Me Don't," by Steven Levy, March]. After leaving *Andy Griffith* he starred in a slew of hayseed comedies, such as *The Love God?* and *The Ghost and Mr. Chicken*. If the Saskatchewan town where I grew up was any indication, he played to packed houses and was giving his audience exactly what they wanted.

Michael Will

Montreal, Quebec, Canada

That was our point—Knotts quit a top-rated sitcom to go on to bigger and better things but ended up a huge star in Saskatchewan.

I was struck by your statement that Barbra Streisand had "for years played Bobby Fischer to Bette Midler's Boris Spassky." I wonder how Babs took this, since she attended high school with Fischer.

David Fry

Cambridge, Massachusetts

(I'll take over from here—Ed.)
Mr. Fry, you raise an excellent question. This strained parallelism is typical of a style of writing known within our organization as SPYspeak, a verbal tic on the part of our staff that will no longer be tolerated, under the new Tony Hendra regime. While I have no responsibility for the ridiculous metaphor in re Ms. Streisand, which occurred under the previous editorial administration, I heartily apologize for it. SPYspeak's days are numbered, I can assure you. We do hope to enjoy your continued patronage, Mr. Fry, and you have a nice day.

Man-Buoy Love

I was shocked, amazed, delighted by the March articles on the Navy

["Hey, Sailor! I Want You for U.S. Navy," by Larry Doyle; "Queens for a Day," by William Poundstone; "Top Wogs," by Daniel Radosh and William Poundstone; "No Guys Who Act Like Girls—and No Girls, Either," by Eric Rosenberg]. As a gay man, I found it useful information just to see that I am too straight for the Navy. It did leave me with one burning question, though: Just what does the PT in PT 109 really stand for?

B. Willy Myers

New Orleans, Louisiana

Hub? PT stands for "patrol torpedo."

Your cover of JFK was horrible. How would you feel if you were shot and made fun of? He was a good man and you made fun of him. I'm never going to read your magazine again.

Sophie Fitzgerald (age 8)

New York

I was suitably disgusted but hardly surprised by your Navy articles. Several years ago my husband and I lived on a tiny Pacific island. It had a population of only 5,000, including 20 expatriate Americans plus a 13-man U.S. Army Civil Affairs Team. One day a U.S. Navy intelligence vessel docked at the island. This was its first landfall in six months, and that night there was a small party. A few of us decided to attend, though our husbands were nervous about bringing us into a lair of men who hadn't seen a woman in six months. Well, there was a lot of drinking and dancing, grab-assing and wrestling, but not with us. I was almost disappointed by the lack of attention I got.

Debra Tillar

Portsmouth, New Hampshire

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An unbiased test of women in combat has already been performed ["No Guys Who Act Like Girls"]. They showed themselves to be unwilling and incapable of comporting themselves as either honorable officers or courageous warriors. The exercise was the Tailhook convention. If female commissioned officers cannot defend themselves against a coterie of kindred drunks, I shudder to contemplate the carnage to be had on a killing field when they confront a desperate enemy exempt from civil complaint. In the midst of armed conflict our soldiers cannot be both burdened with the looming forfeiture of their lives and court-martialed for not putting down the toilet seat.

Alan Schwartz
Irvine, California

Yes, yes, a thousand times yes! You have spoken a mouthful, Mr. Schwartz. What do these women think war is—some kind of cotillion? And not to put too fine a point on it, what red-blooded woman would go to a convention called Tailhook, for Chrissake, and not expect a little "tail" to get "hooked"? Talk about asking for it!

Seriously, though, Al, if I may call you that, I think a lot of the problems that seem to arise over the whole business of women in combat spring from a confusion between sex and violence. Thanks to the likes of Andrea Dworkin ("Sex is violence") and the Siggy Freud gang ("Violence is sexual"), women assume they can be as good at violence as men. Pooh to that, say I. Women are good at sex and men are good at violence. Sorry, gals, but that's the way the Guy Upstairs ordained it.

Al, the kind of knee-jerk progay, pro-women bias you caught in our piece—and if I may say so, nailed but good—is a thing of the past. Under the Tony Hendra stewardship of this great magazine, gay and women's issues will be dealt with on their merits, and if they merit trashing, they'll be trashed. If you're ever in New York City, I'd love to meet you and jaw some. Drop by for a highball or two (or 17!). Cheers, Al; you're a breath of fresh air.

Your coverage of the Navy's wackiest ritual ("Queens for a Day") can be validated by none other than Vladimir Nabokov. In his novel *Lolita*, Humbert Humbert says, "When Cue and she came, the others had them actually go through a coronation ceremony and then—a terrific ducking, as when you cross the Equator. You know."

Janet Oelklaus-Kelly
Columbia, Missouri

The article "Hey, Sailor!" was a Tokyo Rose-ian humor classic. In my eight years of active and reserve time as an officer in the Navy's Judge Advocate General's Corps, I, inter alia, represented gay sailors in "separation hearings." Larry Doyle omitted one important detail, though: Naval Investigative Service agents hate conducting the boring and relatively inconsequential homosexual investigations. Typically those sailors caught in flagrante delicto on ship or on base are processed for administrative separation, not court-martial. Each sailor is afforded his or her due process rights by which he or she may force the government into proving its case by a preponderance of the evidence at a hearing. The majority of sailors separated because of homosexuality receive honorable discharges and are eligible for V.A. benefits.

David Iglesias
Lieutenant commander,
U.S. Naval Reserve
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Get Thee to a Cash Machine!

Ann Hodgman's diary of her day in a wimple ["The Lying Nun," April] was amusing but pales in comparison to the experiences of my sister, the genuine article. For example, she was getting ready for an outing to a swimming pool when she was stopped by her Mother Superior. Her one-piece swimsuit, though generously cut, was deemed immodest because it was red. Mother

School would ever get a job at SPY," writes Carl Hoffmann of Chico, California. "I am a 1985 graduate of Kingwood, and I've never heard of SPY's Daniel Carter. In fact, I've never heard of Dan Hicks either." Well, it was *Dave* Hicks who wrote asking Daniel Carter for a job here, Carl (April), and Carter (class of '87) says he's never heard of you either. (He added some crack—which we New Yorkers didn't quite get—about Chico being exactly the sort of place he thought someone from Kingwood would end up.) Hoffmann closes his letter with, "Maybe you can find some subscriber from Allison Park, Pennsylvania, to tell you he/she has never heard of me." We don't know why he chose that particular locale, but if we know our Allison Park readers—and we do, don't we, Gary? Heather?—they'll be more than willing to rise to such cheap bait. And speaking of cheap bait and/or networking, those wondering why Napoleon St. Cyr hasn't written in a while might want to check out the letters column of the January/February issue of *Poets & Writers Magazine*. That's where Jill Golden of Fredricksburg, Virginia, found him holding forth on Robert Penn Warren and the Postmaster General. Who are presumably two of St. Cyr's old school chums, if the *Poets & Writers* letters column is anything like ours.

Which brings us to random questions. Charles Nicholls of Seattle asks, "Why don't you spend some time checking out how many tons of paper are wasted in those so-called sweepstakes contests?" Okay, we've spent some time checking this out, and here are our results: A lot. Rachel Kartch of Ardmore, Pennsylvania, has forwarded us an ad for The Egg for Shelter, a \$30,000 ready-to-bury plastic survival shelter. According to the ad, "It may not be a happy product, but it is a product of the times." The marketers are quick to note, however, that it is not a completely unhappy product either: "[It] can also double as a vacation home." Kartch's question, having ►

"TRIAGE is a medical term.

**It basically means, that in a
situation where there are an
unmanagable number of
wounded, you save
those you can save, and
you abandon the rest."**

David Baerwald



Gentle Reader,

Over the last few years I've been sort of wandering around, meeting people, gathering research materials, and overall, learning some rather uncomfortable things.

I've learned of the drive in the late 1940's to incorporate the heart and mind of Hitler's Intelligence networks into the body of our own CIA. (In the interest of the fight against Communism, of course). I've learned of US Army biowarfare experiments over American cities (Minneapolis, San Francisco, and New York, among others). I've learned that since the fifties, the CIA has been in the drug business.

And I've learned that in 1979, in all likelihood, members of our government used the Hepatitis B epidemic in the American gay community as a means of experimenting with a new biowarfare agent. One which has a "refractory impact on the human immune system" to quote the scientist in charge of its manufacture. And, that there is a direct link between the spread of AIDS in Africa and the World Health Organization's smallpox vaccination campaign there.

I've learned that the America that I was taught to love as a child, the America of justice and compassion and tolerance and hope, has ceased to exist. In its stead stands something else, something corporate and cold and contemptuous of life. This record tries to show how I've come to grips with my fears and disappointments. I release it in the hope that we as people can find our way back from barbarism and believe in the knowledge that sunlight is, in fact, the best disinfectant.

Yours,

David Baerwald
Los Angeles, 1993



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- ☐ In 1990 McDonald's hired 45 PhD's to develop carrot sticks.
- ☐ The CIA created LSD.
- ☐ George Washington grew marijuana.
- ☐ A known Nazi designed the Apollo rocket.
- ☐ There is evidence that the transmission of HIV was initiated by our small pox vaccination campaign in Africa, Central America and parts of Asia.

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Superior advised her to cover up with a T-shirt. My sister went back to her quarters and donned the one shirt she'd brought to the convent with her. My father had gotten it in Atlantic City; it bore the sentiment I BUSTED THE SLOTS AT CAESARS!, but it covered her suit and got the nod.

One afternoon on the IRT, a man confessed to my sister that he'd stolen a frozen turkey and begged her to take it from him so that he could clear his conscience. She gently told him to give it to the poor and he thanked her as if she'd absolved him. Her most frustrating exchange, though, was at the Department of Motor Vehicles. She had several nursing licenses with her as identification but was told she needed more—a pay stub, perhaps. "I don't get paid for my work," she replied. Staring straight at her black-and-white-framed face, the civil servant then asked, "How about a major credit card?"

Trixie Moser

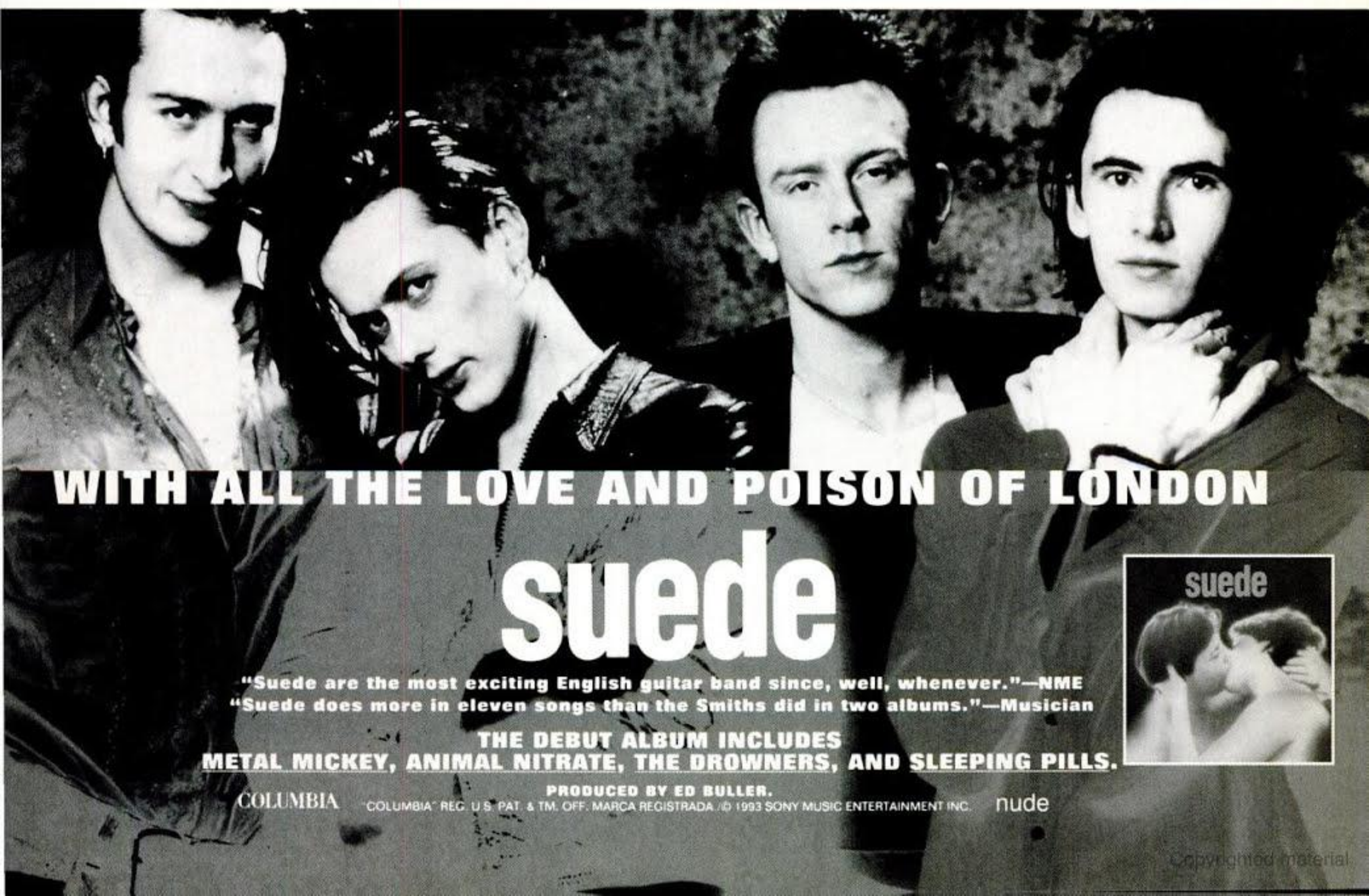
Port Washington, New York ➤

nothing to do with anything in SPY, of course, is regarding the name of the company that makes the Egg: the Biosphere Corporation. "Is this at all connected with that nut-fest Biosphere 2?" she asks. According to Scott McMullen, a press representative at the nut-fest headquarters near Tucson, there is no connection. "And thanks for passing this along," McMullen added menacingly, suggesting that while plants and fish haven't survived in Biosphere 2, lawyers have.

Some of our readers ask us questions that they think have something to do with our magazine but don't, and then there's Doris Hughes of Chicago, who thought she was asking us a question that had nothing to do with our magazine but did. "I'm about to ask you a question that has nothing to do with your magazine!" Ms. Hughes wrote. "A while back I read that Norman Mailer had published an article concerning Bret Easton Ellis. Do you wunks know about this?" Actually, we do. Mailer

wrote an article about Ellis in the March 1991 *Vanity Fair* partially in response to a piece about Ellis in the December 1990 SPY, written by our own Todd Stiles, whom Mailer quoted at length. Tuscaloosa reader Carole Johnson goes Hughes one better, though, when she asks, "Is Hop Sing dead?" Not only is the question relevant to a piece in SPY ("Love Me Don't," by Steven Levy, March), but that very question is answered (affirmatively) in the article.

Thanks, *really*, to the many attentive readers who caught the other error in the *New Yorker* ad ("A Cretin Writes," March). Though why you people don't tell it to *The New Yorker* is beyond us. Thanks especially to Alex Robinson of Belmont, North Carolina, who sent us pages 72 and 73 of a no doubt hilarious book called *The Official Rules*. There, between the Golden Rule of the Arts and Sciences ("Whoever has the gold makes the rules") and Goldwyn's (pre-Basinger) Law of Contracts ("A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's



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written on"), is Gold's Law: "A column about errors will contain errors." Robinson quips, "You may wish to consider the wisdom of running a column about errors." Point taken. Starting next month instead: a column about wacky rules.

We are always pleased when our writers develop a following among their peers, and two readers have sent us examples of what you might call homages to Walter Monheit, who used to write our Blurb-o-Mat. Lee Knapp of Hermosa Beach, California, noticed this headline in the *L.A. Times*:

EASTWOOD'S NEXT SIDEKICK MIGHT BE NAMED OSCAR. And in Seattle, Dick Jacoby detected the Monheit touch in a blurb for *Scent of a Woman* written by *Cosmopolitan's* Guy Flatley:

"Gabrielle Anwar tangoes a giant step toward stardom. One scent of this woman is not enough." Perfect—though we might just add, "*Ooof*."

"Used to write." Sad words. We've received many letters like the one from Jenny Chapin and Brian Hopper of Groton, Connecticut, who tell us, "Without Walter Monheit, we haven't been able to choose a decent movie since that cinematographic masterpiece *Wind* came out last fall." Jenny, Brian, we're sorry, but Walter has simply disappeared. All we know is, he was last sighted on some island somewhere off the coast of Africa. ☺

Photographs Wanted

SPY is still accepting submissions for our Photos to the Editor section. Amusing, amazing, revealing, intriguing and otherwise appropriate photographs are welcome. (All material submitted becomes the property of SPY Corporation and may be published by SPY in any form. SPY is not responsible for lost or damaged prints or transparencies.) Send all photos, with any necessary explanatory text, to Photos to the Editor, SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. ☺

Other Voices, Other Letters

Your exposé on the self-righteous Diane English and Joel Shukovsky [The Webs, by Laureen Hobbs, March] was horrifying. It also cast the following example of English's doublespeak in a darker light: In September 1991, English spoke to an *L.A. Times* reporter about *Murphy Brown's* pregnancy cliff-hanger. She was asked if she got the story line from *The Days and Nights of Molly Dodd*, then on Lifetime, which had had a nearly identical plot. English replied that she'd never even seen the other show, explaining, "I don't get cable where I live." The same week, in an *L.A. Times* article about what broadcasting bigwigs watch on TV, English said, "When our TV is on—which isn't that often—we're either watching CNN or the Discovery Channel."

John Griffiths
Los Angeles, California

I am writing to clarify the record with reference to certain statements you have published concerning Dawn Steel and her relationships with this company [The Industry, by Celia Brady, November]. Ms. Steel was never "kept off," removed from or asked to leave *Honey, I Blew Up the Kid*. It was she who requested that another producer be assigned to that project. She did so of her own volition and with no prompting from us in any way. Similarly, *Red Shoes* was never "taken away from" Ms. Steel. She was never removed from, taken off or replaced on that project. We did not elect to make the picture, but that is very different from removing her and going forward with someone else. That never happened. I hope this makes the matter abundantly clear.

Jeffrey Katzenberg
The Walt Disney Studios
Burbank, California

We have noted the many attempts by entertainment-industry watchers

to speculate on the financial condition of InterTalent Agency prior to and following the breakup of its management team [The Industry, November 1992]. While there are undoubtedly many intriguing aspects to the breakup of InterTalent, "imprudent lavishness" and/or financial squeeze should be excluded from your list. We can certainly support that the agency was capably managed and solidly profitable. InterTalent Agency has remained a debt-free entity and a very significant depositor to this day. We are disappointed to be losing such a first-class customer.

Douglas Johnston Jr.
Senior vice president
and regional manager
Western Bank
Los Angeles, California

Doug, what can I tell you? If you knew how many crazy accusations and unforgivable inaccuracies from past issues I've had to retract in the month I've been here, you'd fall over backward in a dead faint of stunned incredulity. I know and you know, InterTalent was a terrific agency with a big heart and a big future that happened to run afoul of the recession. Tragic, but end of story. If you ever have another problem with our editorial content, just call me, Tony Hendra, collect, anytime, night or day, here or at home. (I'll have my girl fax you my unlisted number.) So long, Doug, and keep your powder dry.

Re "The Sky Is Falling" [Great Expectations, March], how could you miss working an ICBM joke somewhere into the frozen-sewage-from-the-sky discussion? Shame on you!

Lynne Rock
Rockville, Maryland

Hub? ICBM stands for "intercontinental ballistic missile."

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ☺



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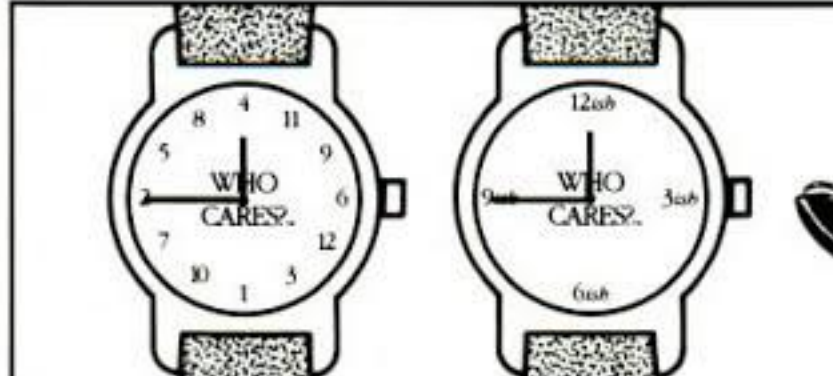
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Cowering Inferno

It was Sylvia Plath, if we remember correctly, who called dying an art, but it took NBC to make it a sitcom. On May 20, NBC staged a grandiose funeral for *Cheers* and, by extension, its own Tartikoff-era claim to preeminence in entertainment. Following the same ratings-over-reputation policy that's keeping Letterman on the air through the end of his contract, NBC has decided not to mourn in private but to draw attention to its demise in as loud—and presumably lucrative—a way as possible.

Hardly surprising, then, that NBC morale—sunk into an embarrassingly public funk for longer than anyone at 30 Rockefeller Plaza cares to remember—has not noticeably lifted since new brooms Andrew Lack and Don Ohlmeyer arrived to sweep up the News and West Coast divisions, respectively, earlier this year. This was the same Andrew Lack, after all, who'd excused himself from his first meeting at CBS's *Street Stories* less than four months ago by saying, *I gotta go on CNN and do some NBC-bashing*. No wonder some wacky malcontent has been keeping 30 Rock's custodial staff busy by repeatedly scribbling HELL next to each button in an NBC elevator.

Poor, beleaguered NBC. We can't help thinking, though, that we'd feel just the teensiest bit worse about all this if NBC would stop acting so *peevish*. Was it really necessary to expunge Letterman's name from *Late Night* on-air promotions and to change the "Dave's Top Ten List" media handout to "Late Night's Top Ten List"? Or to forbid the show from using the network's messenger service? But the fact is, even if NBC were to summon up some vestige of eleventh-hour dignity, a more fundamental problem would remain: the unabashed interventionism of NBC's corporate parent, General Electric.

It is widely assumed by TV insiders that the graceless and imprudent speed with which then-NBC

News president Michael Gartner rushed to renounce *Dateline* NBC's General Motors story was due only partly to personal cowardice and mostly to panicked strong-arming on the part of GE. That Gartner repudiated his employees before so much as *begin-*

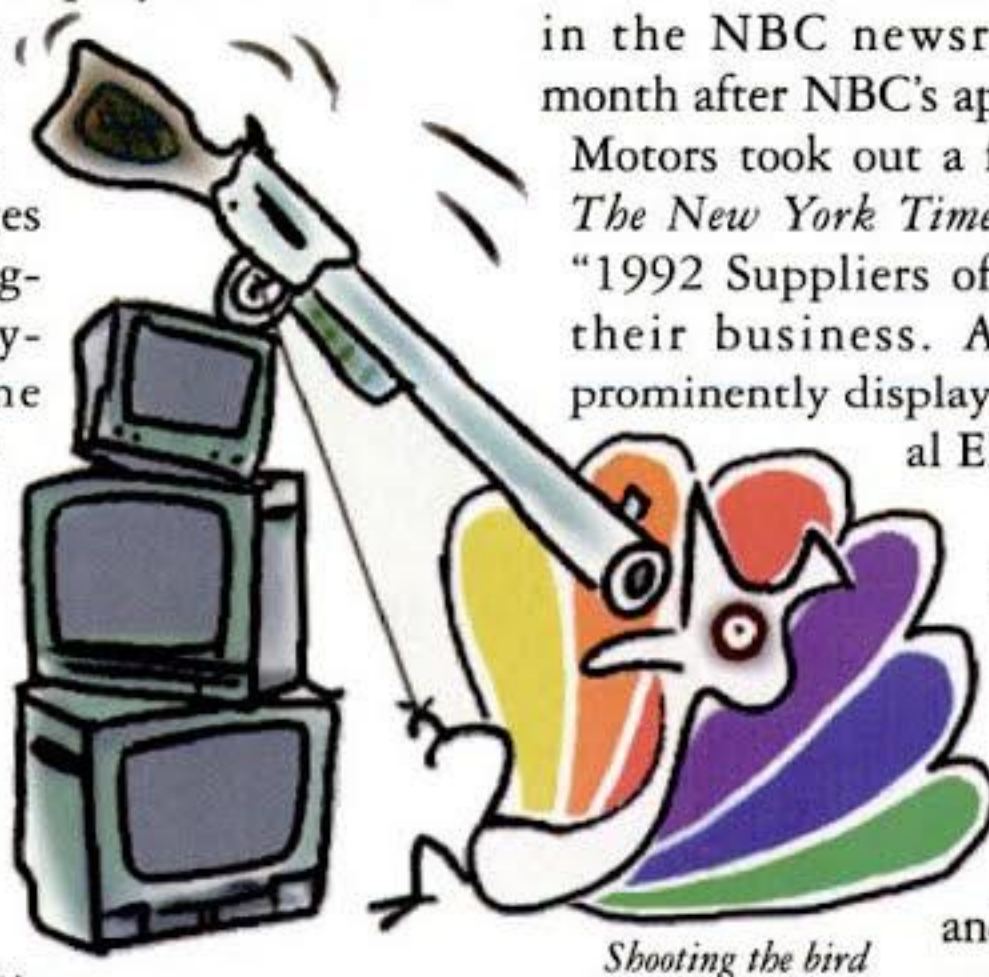
ning a formal investigation into the charges should have signaled to everyone that some interest other than NBC's honesty was at stake. Considering that no new information was presented in the 24 hours between Gartner's defense of the segment "in its entirety" after GM's accusatory news conference and his cringing apology the next morning, one of his statements lacked credibility. Gartner decided it was the first one: "I was raised to admit you're wrong when you're wrong," he sniveled to *The American Lawyer*. But why should anyone believe him? If there is one thing

journalists should have salvaged from the 1980s, it is the reflex to ask, *Does a big corporation stand to benefit from this?*

"The point was, first they settled and then they investigated—which is crazy, and I don't think it would have happened at ABC, or in most other news organizations," says one observer of the incident. The point also was, of course, what GE stood to lose by alienating General Motors: not only the sufficiently discussed advertising dollars (a long-term contract signed in 1990 worth half a billion dollars) but also GE's *other* business relationship with GM. It did not escape notice in the NBC newsroom when, a month after NBC's apology, General Motors took out a full-page ad in *The New York Times* to thank its "1992 Suppliers of the Year" for their business. Among them, prominently displayed, was General Electric.

The final report on the *Dateline* incident, compiled by lawyers Robert Warren and Lewis Kaden, was exactly the sort of Lewis Carroll-like sentence-first-verdict-afterward product one has come to expect from "investigations"

by attorneys. The igniters *Dateline* had used, prominently featured in top NBC shill Jay Leno's recent monologues, are a case in point: Even the lawyers acknowledge, without contradiction from General Motors, that the igniters



Some wacky malcontent has been repeatedly scribbling HELL next to each button in an NBC elevator

did not cause the GM truck to catch fire. (One of the colliding car's headlights did, as you may have the opportunity to discover if you are stupid enough to continue driving a GM truck.) But even though the report ultimately concluded that no rigging had taken place, it also obstinately insisted that *Dateline* should have told its viewers that "the use of igniters was significantly related to the subject of the demonstration, even if the igniters did not 'cause' the fire." Or, in other words, *while the truck blew up all by itself, it might not have*. Meanwhile, the report only passingly acknowledged that igniters are standard elements of this type of fire test; in fact, had the lawyers investigated further, they would have also discovered that even GM had used igniters openly a few years ago in a demonstration to prove the danger of Ford pickups.

Curiously absent from the re-

port is any testimony from General Electric. In a document with a 54-person witness list that even includes the chief of the Avon, Indiana, Fire Department, this absence is pretty peculiar. And a curiously ghostly presence in the report is then-executive-in-charge-of-*Dateline* Steve Friedman, who could be found the day the report came out signing copies of his novel at Barnes & Noble. "Friedman was also executive producer of *Nightly News With Tom Brokaw*," the report explains anxiously, "which required most of his time."

Things may be looking bad for NBC now, but on the positive side, they're looking a whole lot better than they'll probably be a few months from now. A number of people at NBC News, horrified by the way the *Dateline* situation was handled, are halfway out the door. Of those who will likely remain, few are expected to bring

about change for the good. A former NBC executive characterizes the current regime—cable president Tom Rogers, Washington-bureau chief Tim Russert, Steve Friedman and Don Ohlmeyer especially—as "self-promoting hustlers," and Andrew Lack, whose departure from *Street Stories* was rowdily celebrated by his former colleagues, is generally assumed to be capable only of accelerating NBC's decline into *National Enquirer*-ish sensationalism.

"Cotton-candy journalism" is how one former colleague describes Lack's work. "Right now he knows what the public wants, and he intends to give it to them." She muses—and for a moment it is as though she were talking about NBC itself—"He can be charming. He's well read, and he's smart. The light comes in his eyes and he talks expansively. But he stands for nothing. He's power-driven. Power-mad." —Jane Craig

lee ritenour

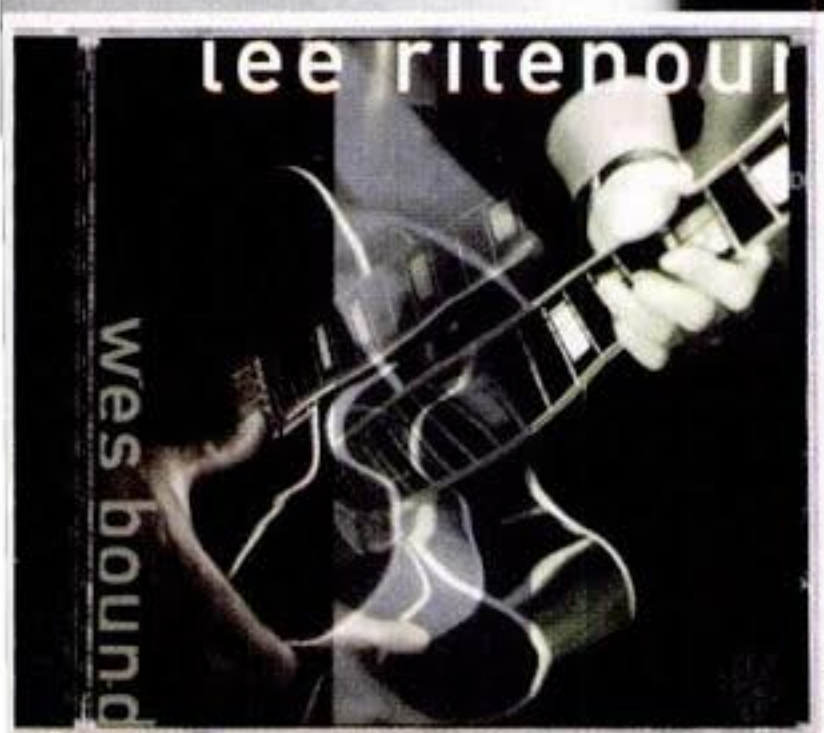
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Laddie Come Home

When *Studs* creator and former Fox News president Stephen Chao got himself fired by Rupert Murdoch last summer, almost everyone believed that the extremely bright, extremely tough, extremely self-actualizing Chao would land on his feet. Now, after a few months of Boogie-boarding in Malibu, telling people he worked as an assistant manager at McDonald's—*It was the hardest work I've ever done*, Chao told colleagues—visiting Barry Diller's QVC headquarters in Pennsylvania (*Barry wants me to come here, but I'll never take it*), and thinking of ways to spend the \$1–\$2 million he received as severance, Chao has returned to Fox, tanned, rested...and promoted.

Chao has always said that what he *really* wants is to make pictures—what TV executive doesn't?—and now he does, under a production deal handed to him by 20th Century Fox chief Peter Chernin. Chernin used to run the Fox Broadcasting Company, so he and Chao are old friends. "Chernin thinks Chao broke the rules, and it worked for him," says someone who knows both of them. Despite their friendship, though, Chernin has given Chao only a relatively modest deal. It guarantees Chao \$200,000 per year in overhead—not on the Fox lot—and another \$200,000 in annual salary.

It's understandable that Chernin and Murdoch are moving just a little gingerly in rehabilitating Chao, even if that rehabilitation was inevitable (Chao had worked for Murdoch in a variety of capacities, including surrogate son, for nine years). After all, Chao *was* fired, you'll recall [The Webs, September 1992], for using a male stripper during a speech on censorship in front of a group of Murdoch's News Corp. executives and dignitaries including then-secretary of State Dick Cheney and his wife. His biggest mistake that day, though, was apparently in angering Murdoch's wife, Anna, by saying to her casually during the show, "Pay attention,

Anna." A source close to the situation says, "Murdoch didn't want to lose [Chao]; Barry Diller [then chairman of Fox Inc.] didn't want to lose him. What made it so awful was the wives." And Anna, most of all, who reportedly prevailed upon her husband to exile his fair-haired boy.

As driven and hard-boiled as Chao can be—he once ended a pitch meeting after 60 seconds by belting, "Not for Fox! Next!"—he has become a *Point Break*-esque, New Age surfer dude. He's part of a group of supposedly laid-back Moondoggies who, in the spirit of John Milius and Robert Towne, claim that, sick of all the bullshit in this business, they'd rather be surfing. Of course, they surf at dawn, leaving plenty of time to get to their breakfast meetings.

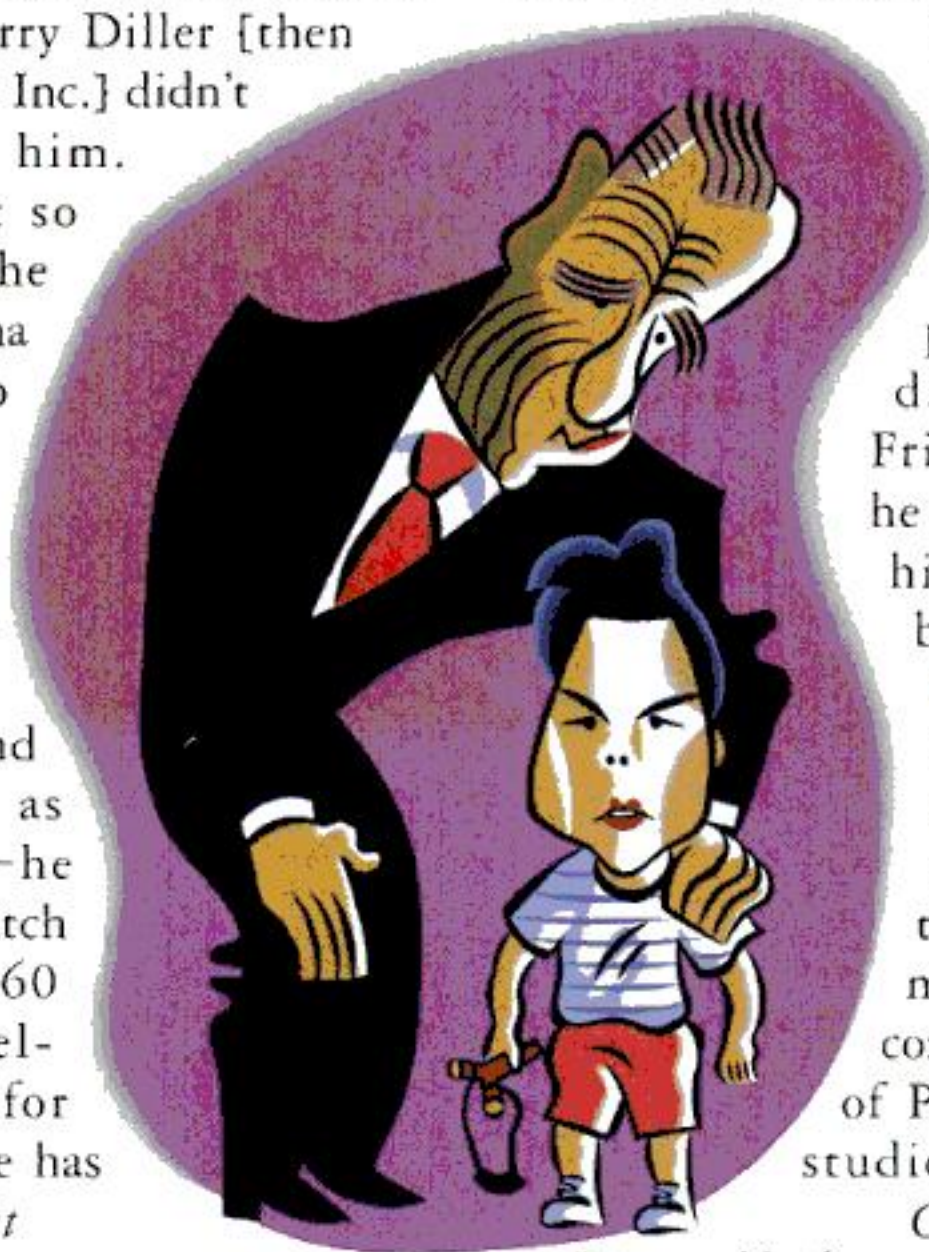
Back on the Fox lot, is Chernin

the latest TV executive turned movie mogul to fall victim to the Tartikoff Syndrome? He hasn't really supported the pictures he inherited from Joe Roth and hasn't presided over a successful season. Yet he seems fairly secure, perhaps because he's playing solidly to an audience of one—one Rupert Murdoch, who's happy enough with Chernin's brand of toadying.

Trims and Ends: Here's a lesson in how to more than double your asking price: Nick

Nolte used to be a great value at \$2–\$3 million per picture. When director Billy Friedkin decided he couldn't make his new basketball film, *Blue Chips*, without Nolte, Nolte's agent, Jim Wiatt of ICM, said they'd accept \$6-million. Friedkin contacted the head of Paramount, the studio making *Blue Chips*, for approval. Since the Paramount chief was Mrs. Billy Friedkin, Sherry Lansing, and since the little man really, *really* wanted Nolte,

she said okay. *Hey, that was easy!* When Wiatt saw *how* easy, he told Lansing, "Did I say \$6 million? I meant \$7 million." He got \$7 million. See you Monday night at Mortons—I'll be the one in the Armani wetsuit. —Celia Brady



Rupert and Stephen

Chao's biggest mistake seems to have been in angering Murdoch's wife, Anna



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Unforgiven, Undead: The Spirit of Drexel Lives!

Now that Michael Milken has announced that he may launch a cable-TV network with Michael Jackson, it's time to look in on some of Milken's disgraced associates and see which Jackson each of them has hooked up with. Fred Joseph and Janet? Dennis Levine and Tito? Well, it appears that, in fact, no other former Drexelites are following Milken's route. They are, however, doing something even more surprising and bizarre—they are returning to Wall Street.

Since Drexel Burnham Lambert went under three years ago, Joseph, the firm's CEO, has spent much of his time guiding what was left of it through bankruptcy proceedings. In one year, he was paid \$375,000 for his work, which is not a lot by Wall Street standards but is still fairly good compensation for cleaning up after one's own disaster. As CEO, Joseph was expected by the SEC to "supervise" his employees; the SEC was of the opinion that he could have done a better job of this. But Joseph cooperated with the government against Milken and so was treated relatively leniently in the civil cases brought against the firm.

He may be treated even more leniently yet. In late March word started circulating that Joseph was negotiating a settlement with the SEC that would allow him to reenter the securities business. (Milken, a convicted felon, is prohibited from doing this.) Even without a settlement, Joseph has been able to dispense investment-banking advice in recent months as a consultant with Brenner Securities in New York, a smallish brokerage and corporate-finance firm founded by Drexel's last president, Howard Brenner. Whether Joseph will stay with Brenner or start his own business is unclear, but the man whose major contribution to the Roaring Eighties was to hold Milken's coat is definitely on Wall Street to stay.

Dennis Levine, the loose thread who started the unraveling of every-

one, served 15 months in jail for his part in the insider-trading scandal. Apparently five seasons in prison hasn't slowed him down. Though barred from the securities business, he has formed an investment advisory firm in New York called the Adasar Group and is reportedly hoping to raise a \$100 million fund with which he can take companies private. How could someone who has proven so vulnerable to temptation be legally allowed to influence other people's money? Well, a money manager who has fewer than 15 clients does not need to register with the SEC. Also, Levine may have incorporated the firm offshore—he is known, after all, for doing business in the Bahamas.

Leon Black, who was the head of Drexel's mergers-and-acquisitions department, may be the only Drexel

escapee earning more on his own than as a member of the Milken entourage. He's certainly aggressive enough: Just moments before Drexel sank from sight, Black demanded that his \$20 million bonus be given to him in cash. He eventually agreed to take a small portion in stock, but others at the firm who weren't so pushy got stuck with larger chunks of stock, which were almost immediately worthless.

Black's money-management firm, Apollo Advisors, a subsidiary of Credit Lyonnais, specializes in, of all things, debt restructurings. At Drexel, Black taught firms the magic of wildly leveraging themselves so they could take over other companies. Now he advises some of these same firms, many of them teetering on the brink of insolvency,

on the magic of deleveraging. Usually he acquires a controlling stake in the beleaguered firm for a pittance.

Apollo has managed these clever restructurings with former Drexel clients George Gillett, owner of the Vail Ski Resort; William Farley, a former textile magnate; and Fred Carr, the defenestrated chief of Executive Life, a defunct California insurance company that was one of



Michael and Michael

**Drexel's survivors exemplify
a basic truth: There's no such thing
as bad publicity**

the most avid buyers of Drexel junk bonds. On second thought, Joseph's \$375,000 really does look quite pathetic—Black is making *tens of millions* cleaning up the various messes he helped create. Black's stake in Farley Industries, for example, is valued at \$41 million, up from \$13.6 million a year ago.

There are three reasons why Joseph, Levine and Black can still do deals, advise clients and generally prosper. First, they are still very, very rich, even though they helped drive Drexel into the ground. Second, memories on Wall Street are incredibly short; how else can you explain people actually agreeing to give money to Dennis Levine, who, as *Den of Thieves* points out, accomplished little that wasn't based on insider trading? And finally, that the lads of Drexel are making comebacks merely exemplifies one of the basic truths of life—that there is no such thing as bad publicity. [Of course, sometimes there may be no publicity at all. See "Pearlstone Before Swine," page 44.] Once you have a name, you have a name, and it hardly matters why. In fact, Drexel's bankers and traders have probably benefited more from scandal than most people would have, since they were never Wall Street's best and brightest anyway—at least the scandal made them *famous* mediocrities. Milken, though famously intelligent, was a terrible judge of talent, and he surrounded himself with cronies. As one former colleague said, "These were mindless warriors, and time will prove them to be what they are: not authentic."

Whether or not their inauthenticity is a factor, Milken, now ill, has in fact been studiously avoiding his former colleagues and factotums. Sources say he is talking to almost no one he used to know. But then, he has new friends, doesn't he? *You see, Macaulay, you give me your allowance, but then I give it back to you later with even more money...*

—Rawlie Thorpe

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Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

Let's assume cockroaches *can* survive a nuclear war; if so, new evidence suggests they won't be alone. Whether they like it or not, they'll probably be joined by the **Fox Research & Marketing Department**. Faced with the possibility of *more* tiresome riots after the second **Rodney King** trial, a plucky Fox-TV marketing person with the unfortunate name of Kim Swindle distributed a memo regarding "ratings availability in the event of a civil disturbance." With a sociologically compelling combination of eighties vulgarity and nineties nurturing, Swindle tried to hearten her rebel network in the face of disaster: "If the studio is closed for any time next week after the Rodney King verdict, ratings will still be available through the Research & Marketing Department voicemail ratings line."

2

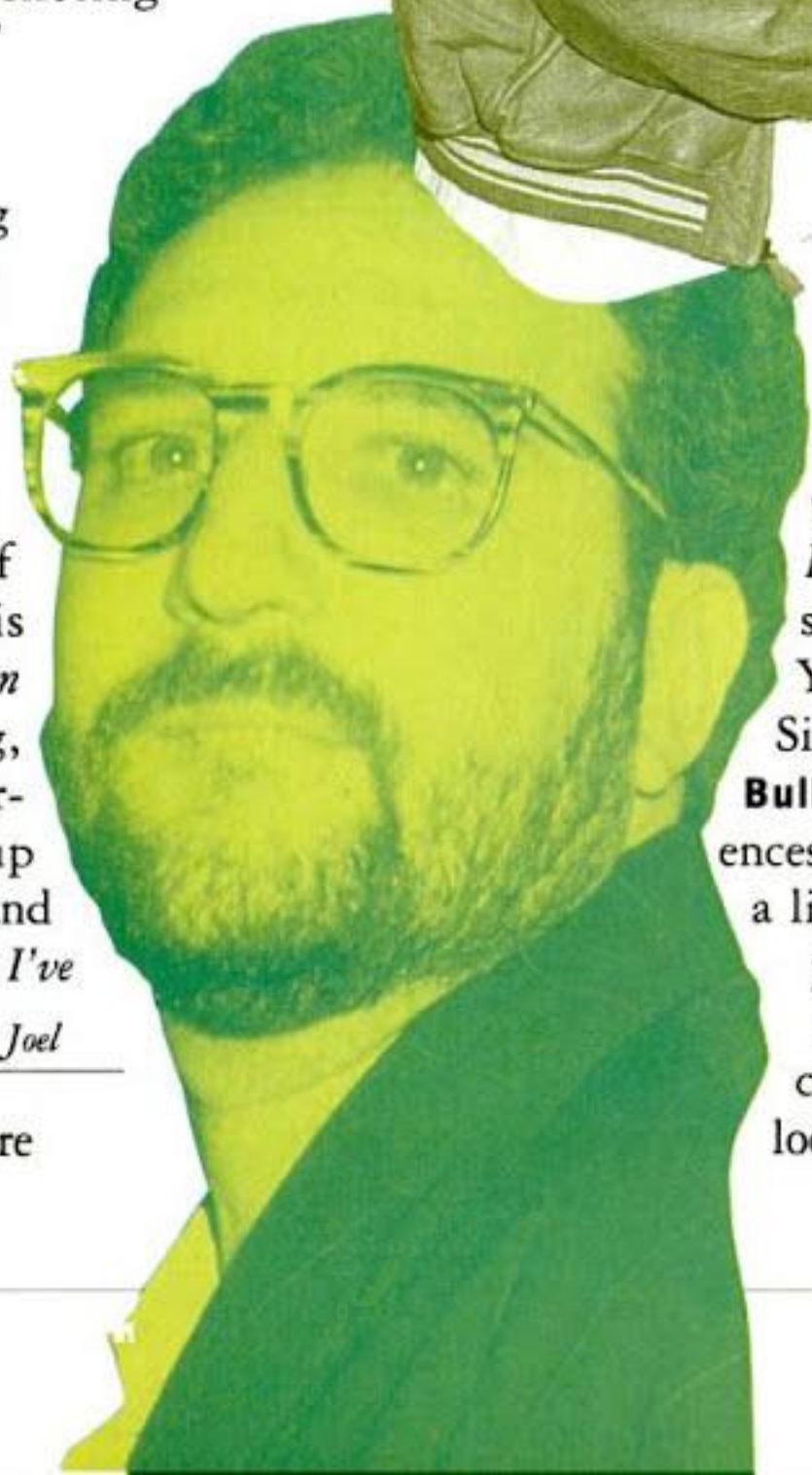
Daniel Day-Lewis's Oscar-winning performance had him in a wheelchair. **Al Pacino** went blind for his. The latest in this illustrious lineage is the heretofore Oscar-free **Bruce Willis**, who went his forebears one better on the set of *Striking Distance* by endowing his character with a disability of his own devising. On the first day of filming, the balding box-office liability surprised co-workers by showing up wearing an unsightly knee brace and insisting, *I've thought about it, and I've decided my character would wear a* Joel *knee brace*. Director **Rowdy Herrington** and Columbia executives were



Rodney



Bruce



reportedly less than enthused with the previously unmethodical actor's script change and eventually prevailed on him to wear a less obtrusive, neoprene brace for filming. It wasn't until much later that someone close to the star raised the possibility that Willis actually had injured his knee and that rather than being an Academy-pleasing affectation, the brace was being worn on doctors' orders.

3

Perhaps it's his sensitivity to the nuances of casting that distinguishes **Joel Silver** from other producers of blockbuster shoot-'em-ups. Take his recent marathon search for the right actress to play the female lead in Bruce *Demolition Man*, the upcoming **Sylvester Stallone** vehicle. It took him six months to settle on **Lori Petty**, of *A League of Their Own* and the big summer whale film, *Free Willy*. Yet just three days into filming, Silver replaced Petty with **Sandra Bullock**, citing "creative differences." In private, the producer was a little more specific about his objections: With her hair cut and dyed for the role, the perspicacious Silver observed, Petty looked like a "muff-diver." ☛



Little Red Big House **Federal Prison or Learning Annex? Discuss.**

When Amy Fisher went to jail, cranks complained she'd been "sentenced to a college education." One imagines her discoursing on "The Lolita Myth: Projection Fantasies in Popular Culture from Victorian Times to Jerk-off Assholes in the Present." But, alas, the sort of educational programs actually available in prison are rather less academically rigorous. —*Debby Rovine*

TV Production *Jefferson City Correctional Center, Missouri* Prisoners learn what it's like to be on the other side of the camera, using state-of-the-art editing and dubbing equipment, computer-graphics generators and mixing boards.

Underwater Job Skills *California Institution for Men, Chino* Inmates earn scuba certification with training in underwater welding. Says one graduate, "You learn values, morals, responsibility, caring and trust."

Music-Video Production *East Jersey State Prison, Rahway* In a studio installed by Disney's Hollywood Basic Records, the Lifers Group has recorded two albums (sample lyric: "A brother came to me and said I look very swell/ He said I remind him of a fag he sold/ for a pack of cigarettes and a Tootsie Roll") and a Grammy-nominated video.

Gourmet Cuisine *Rikers Island Correctional Institution for Men, New York* Reserved for petty criminals (e.g., convicted of assault under the

influence of cocaine), the Fresh Start program teaches inmates haute cooking, baking and butchering. New York City's premier chefs, including Larry Forgione of An American Place and Anne Rosenzweig of Arcadia, lead cons through a menu featuring lobster ravioli and field salad with goat cheese and bacon in a warm vinaigrette.

Dog Grooming *California Institution for Men, Chino* "There's some very fine dogs that go over there," says local kennel owner Tony Pasqual. "Some of these prisoners have done beautifully." D

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



The Talk Show Host in Winter

The media icon of the mid-1970s, Tom Snyder, has a new talk show on CNBC. Recently a fan with a satellite dish prepared a transcript of what Snyder talked about after he thought his audience had gone away to a commercial. The transcript comes from two programs. On the first, his guest was Eisenhower-era satirist Mort Sahl. Together the men provide a compelling portrait of life as a postmenopausal celebrity male of the species.

Private Lives of Public Figures



Chelsea Clinton and her friends have an end-of-school-year party.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

Snyder: Do you go out?
Sahl: Yeah, but with less and less frequency. It's really tough. Isn't it awful? There aren't any women!
I had a note in my mailbox today: "Dear Mr. Snyder, I'm a neighbor of yours who would very much like to meet you. My name is, et cetera et cetera. If you're interested, my phone number is such-and-such. Hint: slim blond." [Pause.] You gonna call? No! You've been there. I've been there. ►

[Pause.]

No, I'll tell ya: the women, the values of women. Last night I was at a screening [of Chaplin] at [Welcome Back, Kotter and Chico and the Man producer] Jimmy Komack's house. The picture ends, it says, "The FBI kept a file of 1,900 pages of Charlie Chaplin's surveillance." And this dame says to me, "Do you know what that cost?"

Both: Ha ha ha ha ha. [They return to the program. Second break.]

Sahl: You know, you were very sporting about all your successors and everything. But aside from that, they don't talk!

Snyder: Who?

The guys who succeeded you. I mean, they don't talk! None of them talk! [Agreeing] They don't talk. I mean, weren't you more combustible at 44 than Jay Leno is?

Yeah! Yeah!

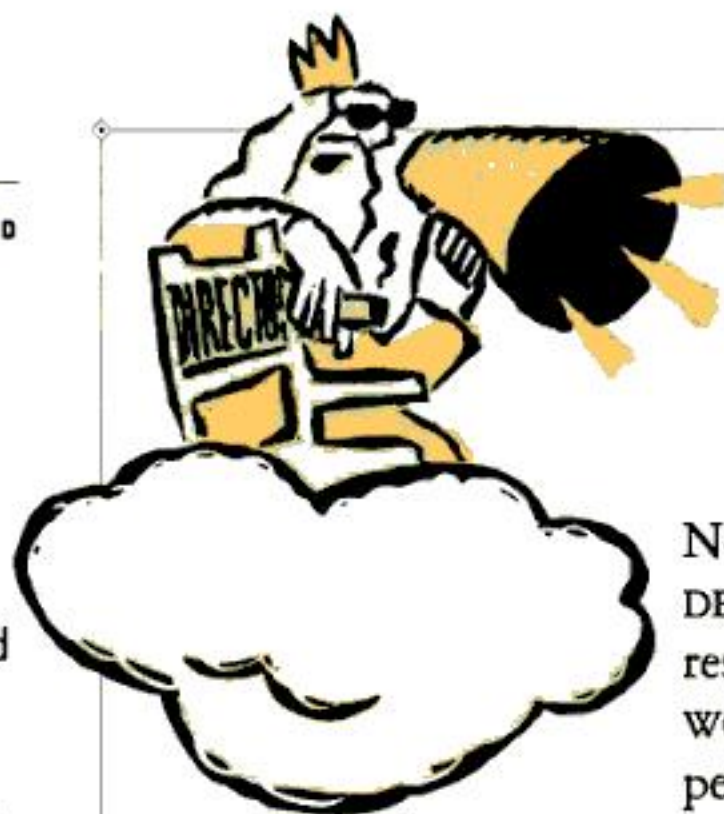
I mean, hey, fellas!

[Pause.]

I wouldn't say it on the air, but heterosexuality is dying. If you listen to ABC Radio, [L.A. talk-radio host] Peter Tilden is talking about his hair... and if he breaks an appointment at a salon, it bugs him. A guy! Yeah. Yeah.

You don't want to sit and drink beer with him! [They return to the program. During the third break, an attractive blond woman comes out to put makeup on the men.]

Sahl: Bush went to the ▶



"God Is My Co-Defendant"

What the Lord Has Been

Nearly 30 years ago, *Time* used its cover to ask, IS GOD DEAD? The answer, as has often been demonstrated since, is a resounding no. However, the better question may be, IS GOD WORKING UP TO HIS FULL CAPABILITIES? Consider what some people say God has been up to in the last decade or so.

1992: God told a Little Rock minister to stand outside Bill Clinton's church and scream at worshipers, "Do you want your daughter to marry a lesbian? Do you want your son to marry a queer?" God also told a 23-year-old Maryland man to tell police his parents were dead, ten days after the Devil told him to kill them; told a 23-year-old California man to shoot his boss dead in a parking lot and that co-workers would congratulate him; told a 30-year-old man that Clint Eastwood owed him \$5 million and to make 43 threatening phone calls to the actor's home to collect the debt; and told an Indiana man to undress and walk around town wearing

nothing but his socks.

1991: God told Domino's Pizza owner Thomas Monaghan to remove his top managers and run the company himself, and told Jimmy Swaggart that being found with a prostitute was "flat none" of anyone's business.

1990: God told a California man that he could drive his truck through cars; he hit 18 vehicles and injured 12 people. God also told Ohio cult leader Jeffrey

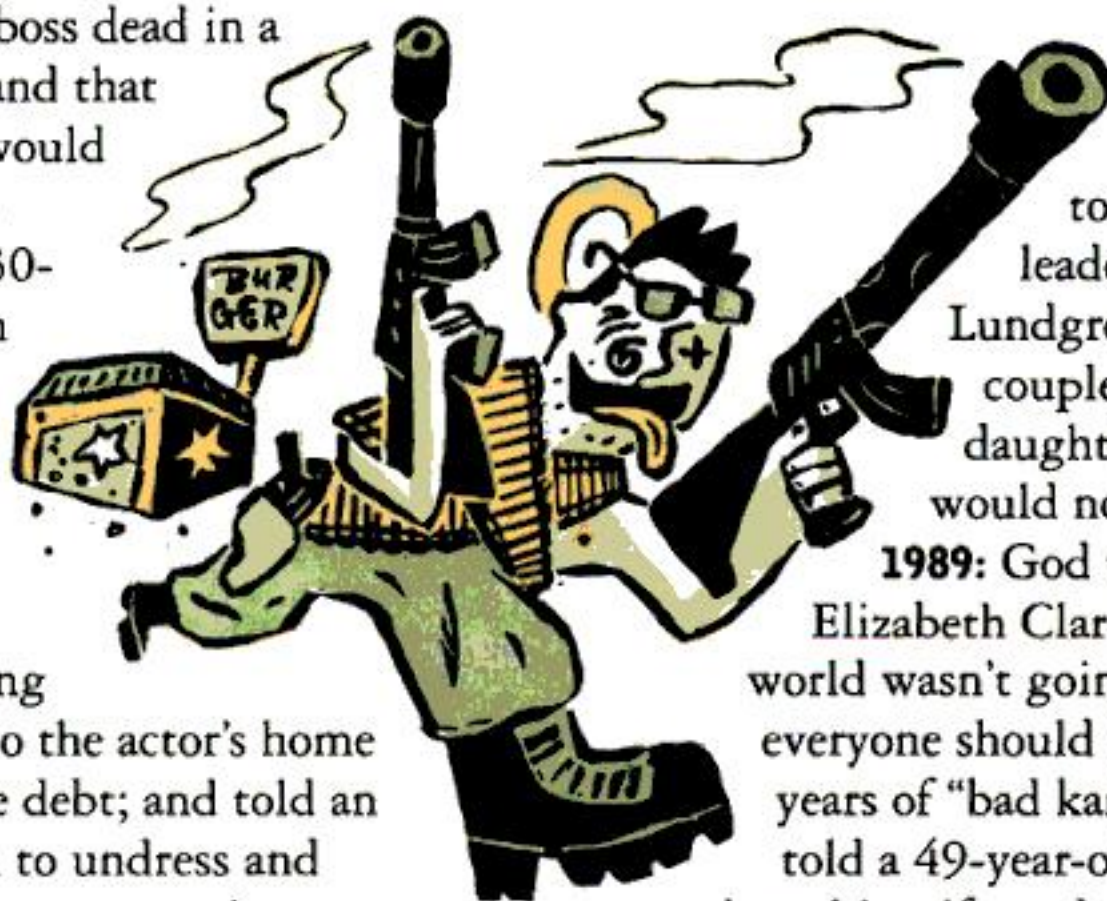
Lundgren to murder a couple and their three daughters because they would not repent.

1989: God told cult leader Elizabeth Clare Prophet that the world wasn't going to end but that everyone should prepare for 12 years of "bad karma." God also told a 49-year-old Louisiana man to shoot his wife to death as she stood in a carport across the street.

1988: God told a Mormon radical to help bomb a church, kill a police officer in a shootout and then engage in a 13-day standoff. God also told a drifter to kill two security guards at Universal Studios.

1987: God told a Wisconsin woman to stab her infant daughter 20 times in the middle of the night during a family vacation.

1986: God told a homeless Cuban refugee to kill two passengers on a Staten Island ferry with an ornamental sword. God also told Louis Farrakhan about an impending U.S. military attack on



Logrolling in Our Time

"Beautiful, individual stories, stitched into a profoundly moving whole." —Judith Freeman on Whitney Otto's *How to Make an American Quilt*

"A terrific novel....Defines and redefines the meaning of family and the way in which these bonds can and do extend beyond blood ties." —Otto on Freeman's *Set for Life*

"From the first paragraph we know we are in the hands of a large-spirited but exacting writer."

—Rosellen Brown on Lynne Sharon Schwartz's *Rough Strife*

"Densely packed and morally scrupulous....A work clearly of the heart and spirit." —Schwartz on Brown's *Civil Wars*

"Gardner at his best." —Stephen Jay Gould on Martin Gardner's *Science: Good, Bad and Bogus*

"Wonderful." —Gardner on Gould's *Wonderful Life*

—Howard Kaplan



Up to Lately

Libya, and instructed a California man to embark on a five-year project to build a life-size figure of the crucified Christ out of toothpicks.

1985: God told a 42-year-old California gambler to act as "executioner" and shoot his wife and four in-laws to death as they napped.

1984: God told an anti-abortion activist to bomb three Florida clinics on Jesus's birthday. God told a 65-year-old Bronx woman to hold fire fighters at bay for four hours with a large knife, and instructed a Rhode Island man not to take his four-year-old



daughter to the hospital after she suffered a serious head wound.

1983: God told a woman to drive through the metal gates of the

Mormon church headquarters in Salt Lake City with her car.

God also told a Texas ministry student to kill his wife and infant son and then live with their bodies in a hotel room for several months.

1982: God told a beer salesman to create a "prayer stop" in a cow pasture near Dallas. God also told a student to drop out of Princeton because it "encouraged sin" and would be destroyed that summer.

1981: God told Isabell Masters of Arkansas to run for president, which she was still doing 11 years later.

—Chip Rowe

It's a Wonderful Town!



Taxi driver explaining how an argument with his passenger caused him to drive into restaurant.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

office today.

Snyder: [To the makeup woman] They're probably at home, Kelly, saying, "Gee, Snyder's makeup is getting a little thin on his forehead, let's put some more on." They're out there, they're stoned, they're zonked—where? In Houston? Yeah, he went to the office today.

What is the matter with him? With his dog.

He's got this beautiful house in Kennebunkport by the sea, and he goes down there to some putz rented house in Houston to live. What a schmuck!

[On a later program, after the show has adopted a call-in format, Snyder appears by himself.]

Offstage voice: We have no usable calls.

We what?

At the moment, we have no usable calls.

What does that mean, "We have no usable calls"?

[Musing later] The dreaded words, "no usable calls."

[During the next break, Kelly appears and applies some powder.]

Snyder: Are you going to start using rubber gloves on me? [She finishes.] Thanks, Kel. [As she exits, Snyder swivels completely around to watch her go. He then turns back and, staring into the middle distance, begins to sing.]

Unforgettable

That's what I are

Darling, it is just incredible
That you find

My cock so edible....

[He stops and just stares into the air.]

Manroot Envy?

SPY's Guide to Phallo-euphemisms

About 120 romance novels are published in this country every month, and nearly all of them include explicit sex scenes—*Then Blade was lowering his body beside her, pulling her hips into vibrant contact with his straining loins, molding her body to the rigid contours of his*, and so forth. Despite their preoccupation with carnal relations, however, the authors of these books are strangely prudish about vocabulary. They never, for example, use the word *penis* to describe the male sex organ.

Why not? "That's a graphic word," says Jo-

anna Lindsey, author of 27 published novels and one of the reigning queens of romance writing. "There's nothing romantic about it." Katherine Falk, the publisher of *Romantic Times*, a monthly trade magazine devoted to the romance-fiction industry, says, "The readers don't want that word; they want it all pretty." And pretty they get. Instead of using either *penis* or one of its slang equivalents, romance authors choose from an array of manly yet delicate euphemisms when they must refer to somebody's schlong. Here are a few examples of such alternatives, taken from a collection of recent romances and an informal survey of authors and editors:

HIS PULSATING
HARDNESS
HIS URGENCY
HIS SEX
HIS MANROOT
HIS MIGHTY CROWN
HIS MALE LENGTH
(or HIS HARD LENGTH,
THROBBING LENGTH, etc.)
HIS MANHOOD
(or HIS THROBBING
MANHOOD,
ENGORGED MANHOOD,
JUTTING MANHOOD,
RISING MANHOOD, etc.)

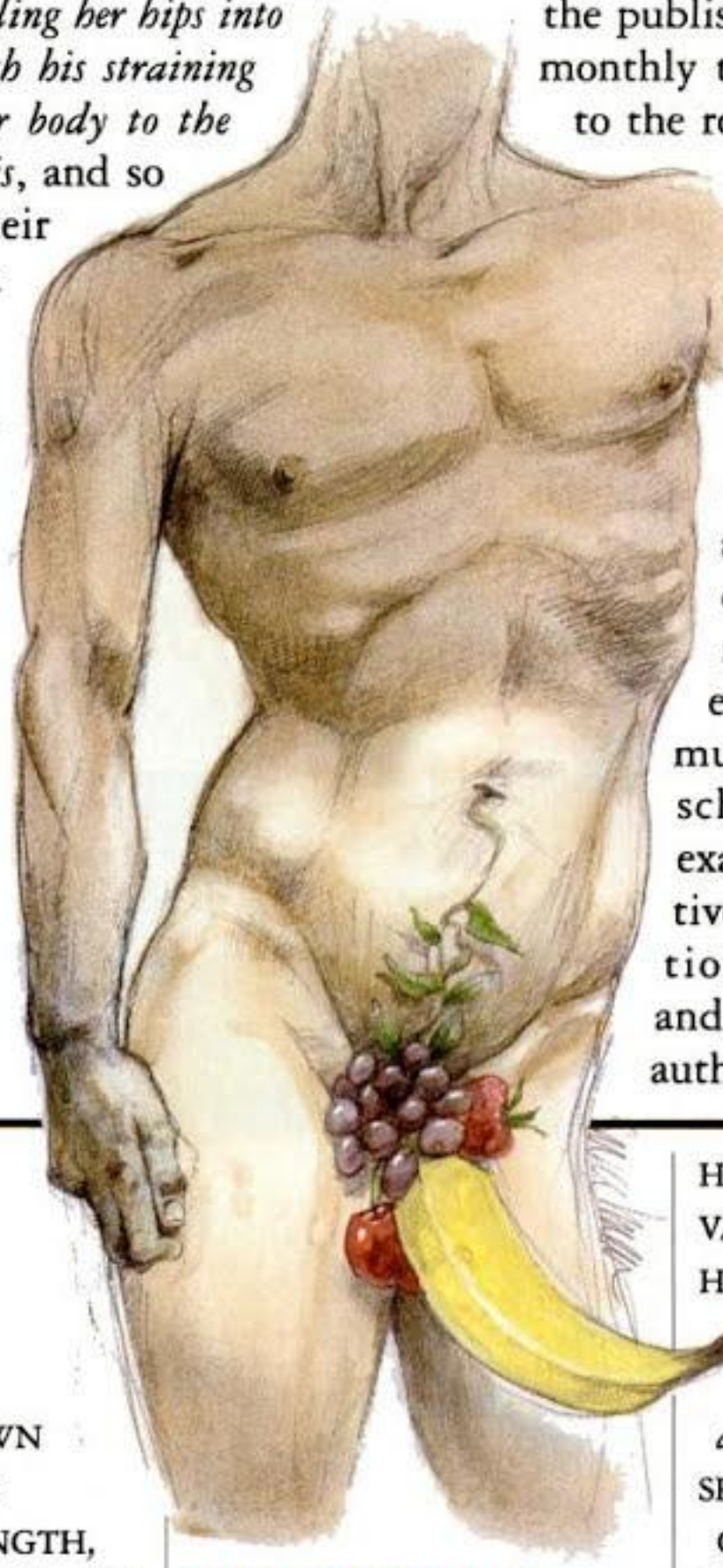
FRUIT OF HIS LOINS

HIS MALENESS
HIS AROUSAL
HIS STIFF MEMBER
THE PROUD EVIDENCE
OF HIS DESIRE
HIS RIGID DESIRE

HIS SEARING LOINS
VAST HARDNESS
HIS SHAFT OF LOVE
(and variations such as
HUGE HOT SHAFT
and POWERFUL SHAFT)
SPLENDID SYMBOL
OF SEXUALITY
PILLAR OF STEEL
HIS STAFF
(or STAFF OF LOVE;
HARD, HOT STAFF;
STAFF OF DESIRE, etc.)
THE VELVET HEAD
INFLAMED, VELVET STEEL

These all seem very useful and effective, but it appears that even books containing lots of sex are not immune to our society's increasing frankness about sex. Birgit Davis-Todd, the senior editor of Harlequin's eros-filled Temptation line, says she recently began allowing *penis* into Temptation novels. "We feel, why kid around?" she says. *Vagina*, however, is still off-limits, so romance readers can expect to see continued references to a heroine's "velvet warmth," "woman's flesh" and, of course, her "hot center."

—Leah Rozen



Naked City



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REMOVABLE
"BODY ART"
FREE!

INSIDE 12-PACKS
OF
Barq's
ROOT BEER



THEY BOUGHT A 12-PACK OF BARQ'S AND ENDED UP GETTING...

BARQ-TOOED!

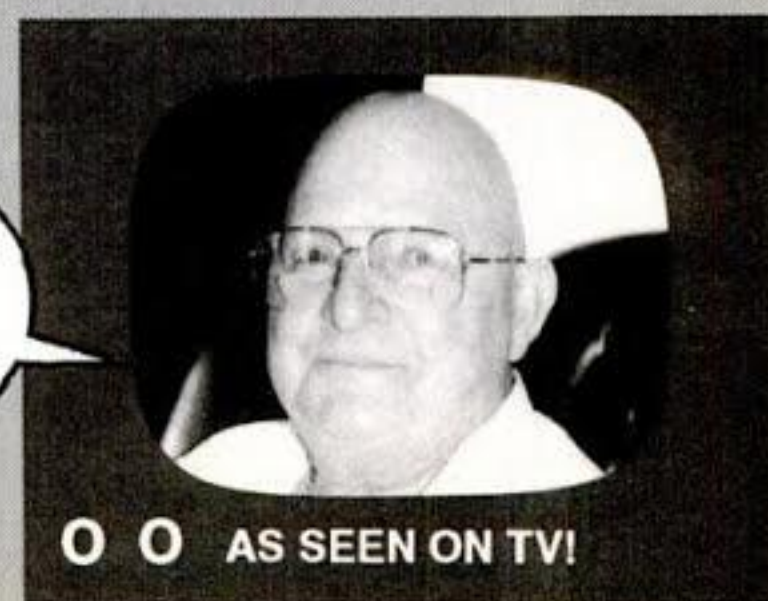


36
DIFFERENT
DESIGNS
THAT LOOK
SO REAL
THEY'LL
TERRIFY
MOST GEEKS!



ONLY FROM **BARQ'S®**
THE ONE WITH BITE!

HI, I'M
BUBBY, I'M IN
THE **BARQTOOS**
T.V. COMMERCIAL.
IT'S IN
COLOR.



O O AS SEEN ON TV!



The SPY Lazlo Letters

INSTALLMENT III

Barking Up the Wrong Tree

This month, superpatriot and would-be deficit-buster Lazlo Toth (aka Don Novello) strikes up a friendship with the famously friendly Lloyd Bentsen but finds that some people quickly outgrow their friends when they achieve the least success.

Senator Lloyd Bentsen
c/o United State Senate
Washington, D.C. 20510 USA



December 10, 1992

Dear Senator Bentsen,

I saw the good news today (for you), that you were named to be President-Elect Clinton's Treasury Secretary (if you get confirmed - which there is no doubt in my mind), which means I'll be working for you if I get appointed Deputy Deficit Csar, and I just wanted to take this opportunity to reintroduce myself in my new position.

I look forward to helping you reshape the American Economy, and I was wondering if you have any recommendations of where I can stay in Washington until I rent my own apartment.

I'm not asking to stay at your home, but if you have room and if I wouldn't be a bother, it might be nice to spend some quality time together in a home setting.

Warning! - If you have male dogs, I think I'll have to stay some where else. Also, if you have female dogs that aren't fixed, Look out! Do you get that one? (I threw that little joke in to show you I'm no stiff like a lot of people involved with economics.)

Did anyone ever tell you you look like President Harding? He was the handsomest President without a beard in my opinion.

I salute you in your new position!

Lazlo Toth
Lazlo Toth

Hon. Lloyd Bentsen
Secretary of the Treasury
Treasury Building
Washington, D.C.



NO REPLY!

3-9-93

Dear Sec. Bentsen,

Congratulations on your confirmation as Treasury Secretary! I bet the Deficit is shaking in it's boots now!

I knew you would pass with flying colors! Afterall, all the Senators on the committee are your old friends. It's kind of like Donald Duck trying to get into Disneyland - the gates swing open, the band starts playing, he doesn't even have to show his drivers license. Come in Donald and Lloyd!, No questions asked!

I only wish you would have hired me to assist you as one of your Deputy Deficit Csars, but I guess you have a lot of friends who needed jobs, that's why I was passed over.

Like you said, I was always there for you, but I guess others were there for you more. But I do appreciate your offer of letting me use your office while I'm in Washington. One questions: Does this mean I can stay there at night? I know you're being nice to make the gesture, but if I was you I'd have someone on your staff check to see that there's not a rule or something about letting someone live there at night for a week or two. Also, what about dogs? Are they allowed and can I leave them there during the day?, that's what I have to know.

Through all that lies ahead, one thing will not change: if your office will always be my office, my dogs will always be your dogs.

Down with the Deficit! Up with Bentsen!

Lazlo Toth
Lazlo Toth

LLOYD BENTSEN
TEXAS

United States Senate
WASHINGTON, DC 20510-4301

January 14, 1993

Dear Friend:

As you know, President-elect Clinton has asked me to become Secretary of the Treasury, and I want to take this moment to thank you for years of friendship and support.

Before a Senator can stand up and be counted, he has to have friends who will stand behind him and stand by him. You've always been there for me, and the memory of your friendship will be among the prized remembrances of my three decades in public service.

You know my decision to resign and join the Cabinet wasn't easy. Together, we've accomplished much for Texas. Together, we could do much more. But the economic challenges facing America -- challenges Texas and Texans know intimately -- are so great that I had to accept when President-elect Clinton called on me.

Through all that lies ahead, one thing will not change: my office will always be your office.

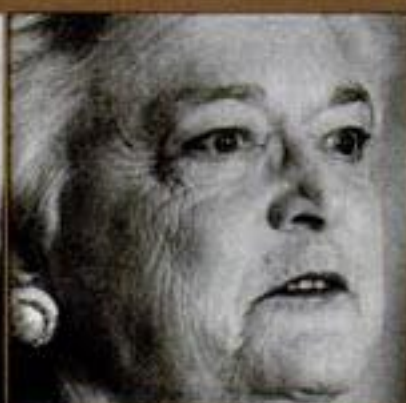
Sincerely,

Lloyd Bentsen
Lloyd Bentsen

Separated at Birth?



J. Edgar Hoover...



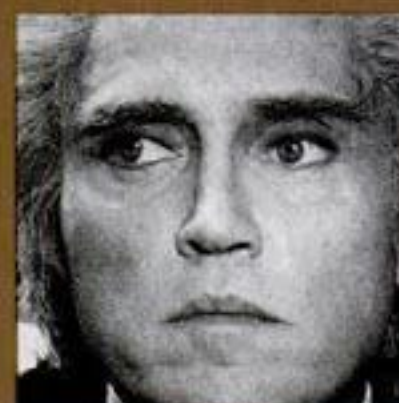
and Barbara Bush?



Wolfgang Puck...



and Terry Gilliam?



Christopher Walken...



and Jane Fonda?

FILA AQUATIME



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MACY'S THE BEST OF TIMES IT'S ABOUT TIME BURDINE'S ROBINSON'S MAY

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SPY

**"They told me
he was slapping
the babies...."**

"I made the decision," Reno said at her news conference. "I'm accountable. The buck stops with me."



RENO MOTHER JUSTICE

Photoshop composition by Gregg Trueman/Neographic



Laugh? Laugh when the world is at

war?

Laugh when addictions and viruses are stealing people's lives? Laugh when justice loses out to greed? Laugh when honor is less important than celebrity? How can you laugh when people are starving? When love is not returned? When a whole pew of

nuns

sit on whoopee cushions at mass?

GOLDEN THROATS
2 Vols.

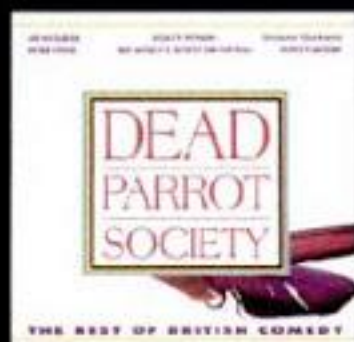
Songs sung by people who do other things way better.



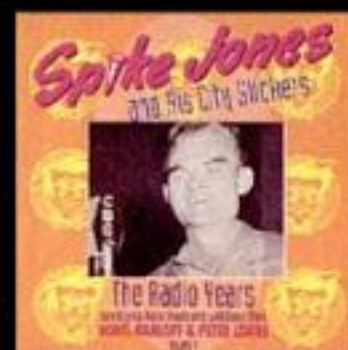
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE JEWISH
and
WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE THE WHOLE WORLD IS JEWISH



(Oy vay)



DEAD PARROT SOCIETY
Brits saying what Brits think is funny.



SPIKE JONES
Vols. 1&2

Blasting bricks of audio-sculpted-dynamite-dogs. (and a psycho drummer)

Lost in the mountains, this would be the St. Bernard who brought you warm soup and a kazoo.



COMIC RELIEF
5 Vols.



ALBERT BROOKS Comedy Minus One
A photo of Albert Brooks and his left hand. (the cd enclosed probably gets a little more into it)

DR. DEMENTO
2 CD set
Like the stuff you'd find in the pockets of a 12 year old boy.

7 cd's of oh-my-god-turn-it-off-my-stomach-hurts-from-laughing-so-hard. Available at record stores or call 1 800 432 0020 .

Tell congress to spend less of your tax dollars on the military and more on children, jobs, infrastructure and clean energy. Join Rhino in supporting THE CAMPAIGN FOR NEW PRIORITIES, a non-partisan organization. To have a letter sent in your name to your congressperson, call 1 800 93 ACTION.

THE HOT SUMMER MOVIE

A SPY GUIDE TO AFFORDABLE, AIR-CONDITIONED BRAIN VACATIONS

F

OR AS LONG AS THERE HAVE BEEN summers, for as long as there have been movies, for as long as *hot* has also meant "fab," there have been

hot summer movies. But only in the last couple of years has there been a new genre of hot summer movie: the super-hot summer movie that goes instantly stone-cold dead if opening week-

end grosses don't top \$25 million, a phenomenon that baffles even the studios' top physicists. And only *this year* has there been a completely alien and freshly malevolent addition to the hot-summer-movie experience: the SPY Hot-Summer-Movie Guide.

Unlike hot-summer-movie guides you will be eagerly poring over in *Premiere*, *Entertainment*

JIMMER

HOW

THE

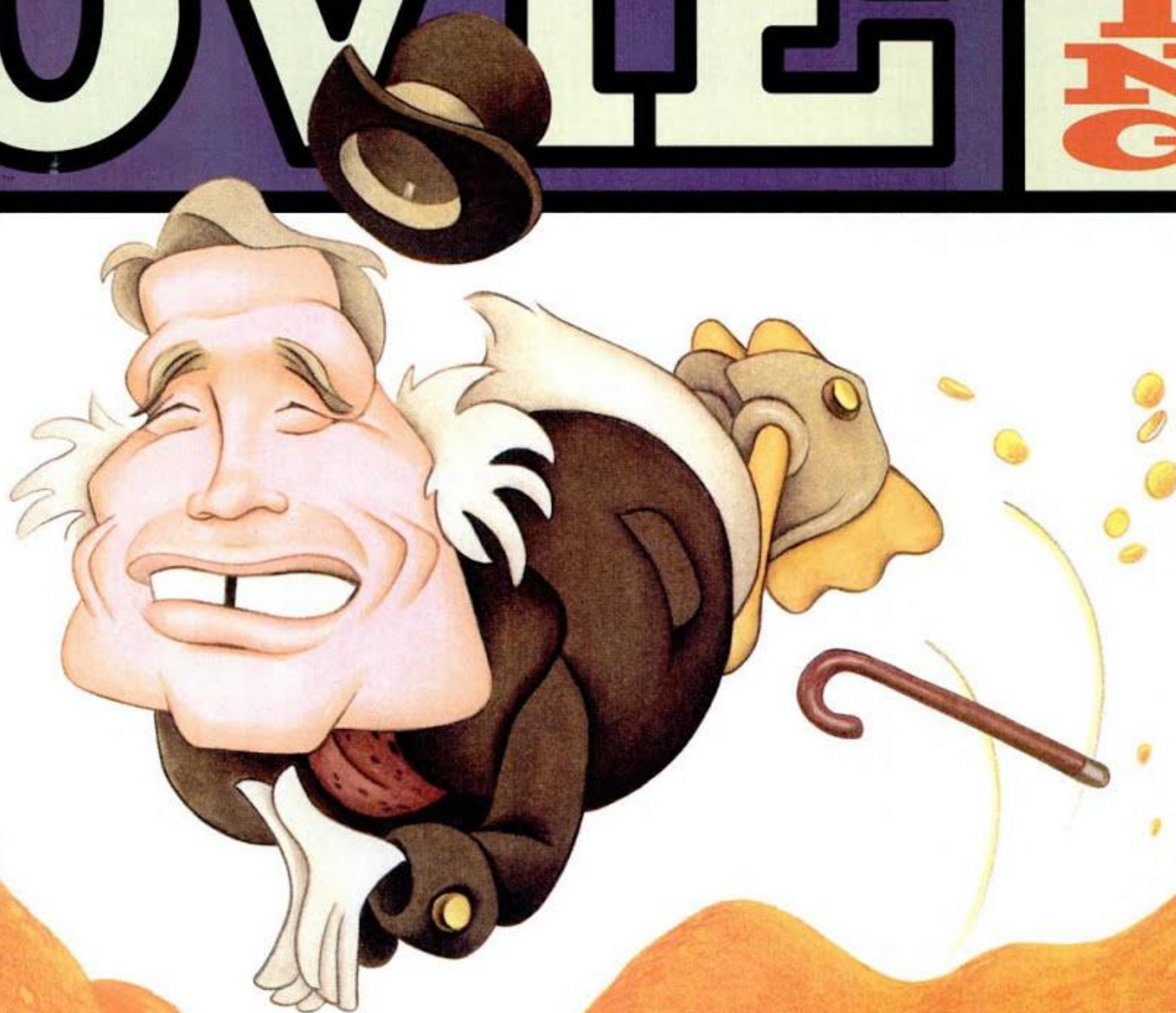




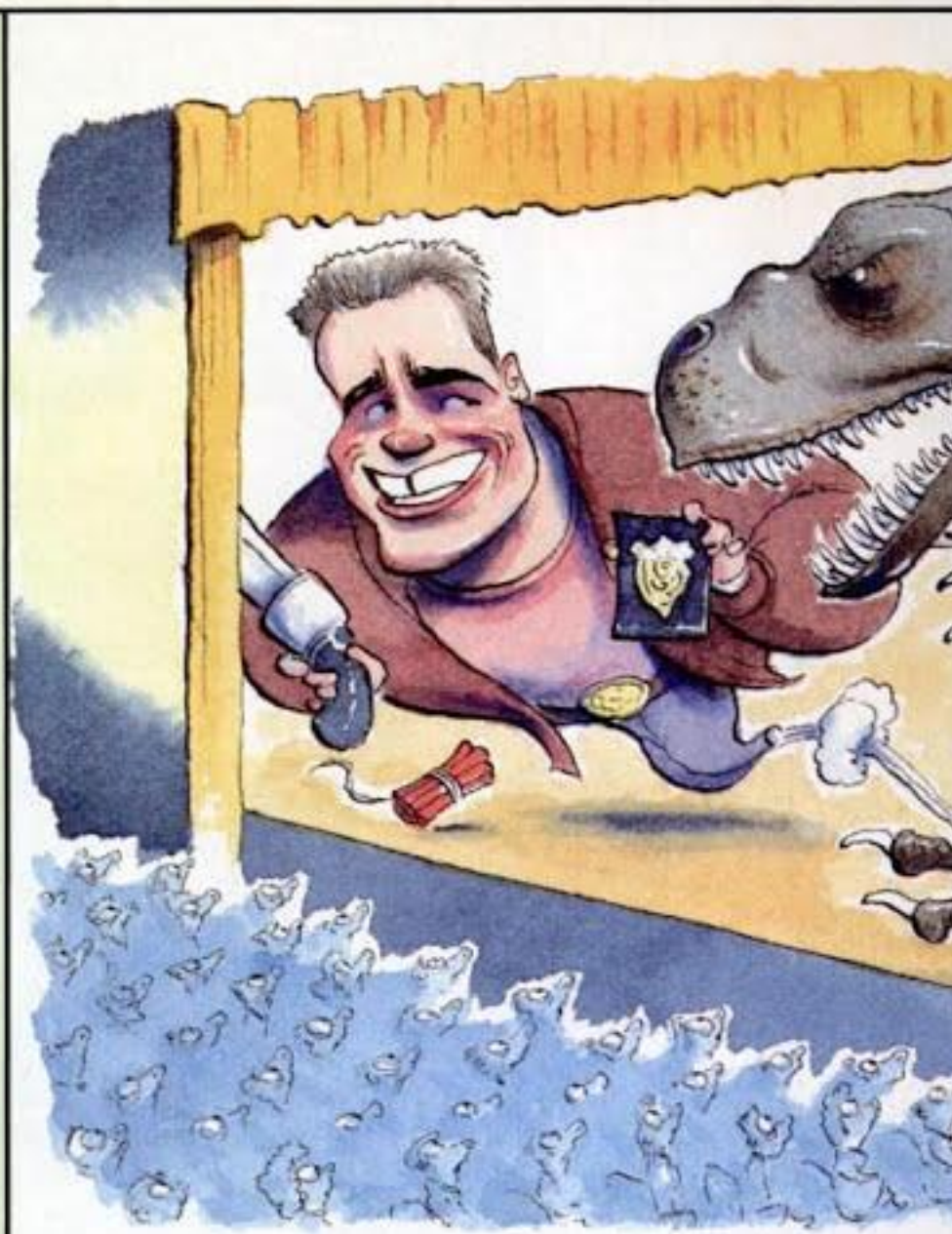


ILLUSTRATION BY BRIT MÖGA

JUNE 1993 SPY 33

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Weekly, People, Us, Time, Newsweek, The New York Times and your local shopper, *only* the SPY Hot-Summer-Movie Guide appears in SPY magazine. Only the SPY guide allows you to directly compare hot summer movies, telling you which films contain precocious imps , shiny helicopters , already-boring morphing  or child-satiating dinosaurs . Only the SPY guide has the pomo decon DramaGram™, a consumer-friendly contrivance that outlines plot devices and stock characters in an easy-to-follow, formal logic equation based on Boolean operators. (For God's sake, don't just stare at the word; look it up.) And finally, only the SPY guide was put together with virtually no cooperation from studio publicity departments, guaranteeing you that the information presented herein will be inaccurate in ways other than the producers intended.



Sliver

PARAMOUNT; OPENING MAY 21



VISION: "It's the first time that the subject matter, the taboo fantasy of voyeurism, has been explored without being exploitation. It's everyone's fantasy, but it's dealt with in an intellectual way"—producer Robert Evans

AUTO-BLURB: "It's the *Rear Window* of the nineties"—director Philip Noyce

SPY DRAMAGRAM™: Feisty love interest (Carly Norris [Sharon Stone]) has practically NC-17 sex WITH regular guy (Zeke Hawkins [Billy Baldwin]) BUT must come to grips with possibility he is a murderer.

WHY: Writer Joe Eszterhas and Stone are both ICM clients.

COULDA BEEN: "I was determined that it wouldn't be another film on a long list of movies that exploited the female image," Noyce said. Early publicity focused on how prominently Baldwin's penis would be featured.

IS: Due to Noyce's contractual requirement to deliver an R, Baldwin's penis is not seen, but Stone is quite nude.

ADDITIONAL CREDITS: Tom Berenger, playing a role turned down by Kurt Russell. ("For what?" a source on the set asked. "Another *Captain Ron*?")

CREATIVE DIFFERENCES: Despite having nearly NC-17 sex, Stone and Baldwin did not get along.



SLIVER: Stone and Baldwin, faking attraction

WHO HAD WHO: Unlike on the *Rear Window* set, the icy blond (Stone) did fuck her boss (executive producer-cum-newlywed Bill MacDonald). While the affair certainly didn't break up MacDonald's five-month-old marriage (he insists; his wife dissents), it may have cost him millions: Prior to his postnuptial dalliances with the notoriously dally-happy Stone, he was in line to head up Eszterhas's new production company. Eszterhas, though fond of Stone, now considers MacDonald's judgment somewhat suspect.

PRODUCTION NOTES: Unlike on the *Rear Window* set, a helicopter crashed inside a volcano during the shoot.

POSTPRODUCTION NOTES: Test audiences so hated the last 15 minutes that a team of writers (including *Lethal Weapon 2* writer Jeff Boam) was hired to cobble together a new ending,

shot in mid-April.

ENDING: In the first filmed ending Stone thinks Baldwin's the killer, but it's Berenger.

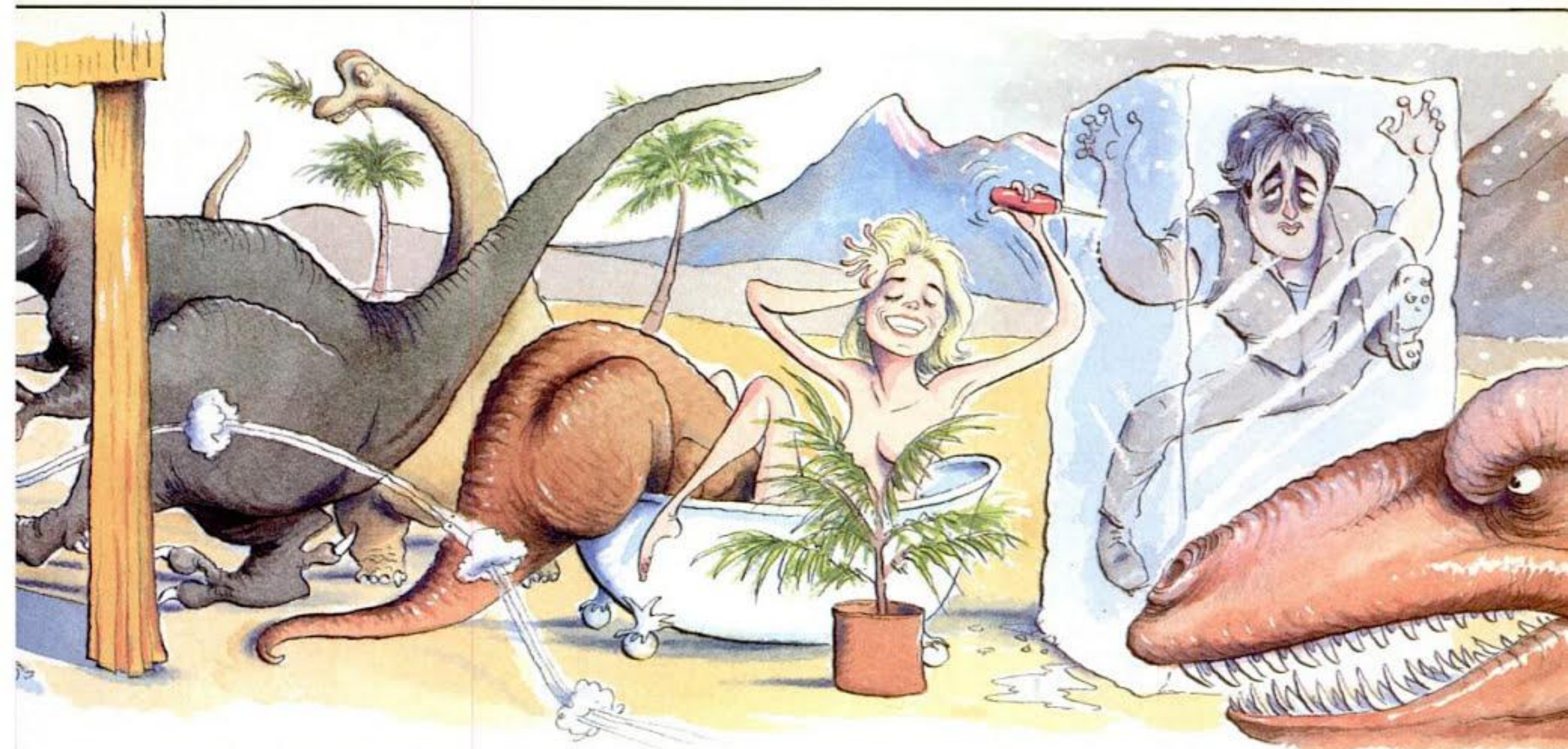
BUZZ: *Basic Instinct II*, or *Jagged Edge III*

Super Mario Bros.

HOLLYWOOD PICTURES; OPENING MAY 28



VISION: "We were looking for the same audience that enjoyed *E.T.* as well as *Ghostbusters* as well as *Terminator 2*



FROM LEFT: LAST ACTION HERO (JUNE 18), JURASSIC PARK (JUNE 11), SLIVER (MAY 21), CLIFFHANGER (MAY 28)

and *Batman*”—co-producer Fred Caruso

AUTO-BLURBS: “A combination of *Beetlejuice* and *Blade Runner*”—conceptual designer Patrick Tatopoulos. “Sort of a *Princess Bride* meets *Beetlejuice*”—actor John Leguizamo. “A cross between *Pee-wee’s Big Adventure* and *Robocop 2*”—actor Mojo Nixon.

SPY DRAMAGRAM™: WHEN feisty love interest (Daisy [teen model Samantha Mathis]) falls in harm’s way THROUGH an unlikely event (abducted into subterranean world), regular guy (plumber Mario Mario [Bob Hoskins]) AND eager neophyte (his brother Luigi [Leguizamo]) BECOME reluctant heroes AND join forces to battle Evil (King Koopa [Dennis Hopper]).

WHY: Producer Roland Joffe paid Nintendo \$2 million just to use the name.

COULDA BEEN: A rollicking *Twins* reunion with Danny DeVito as Mario Mario and Arnold Schwarzenegger as the evil Koopa leader

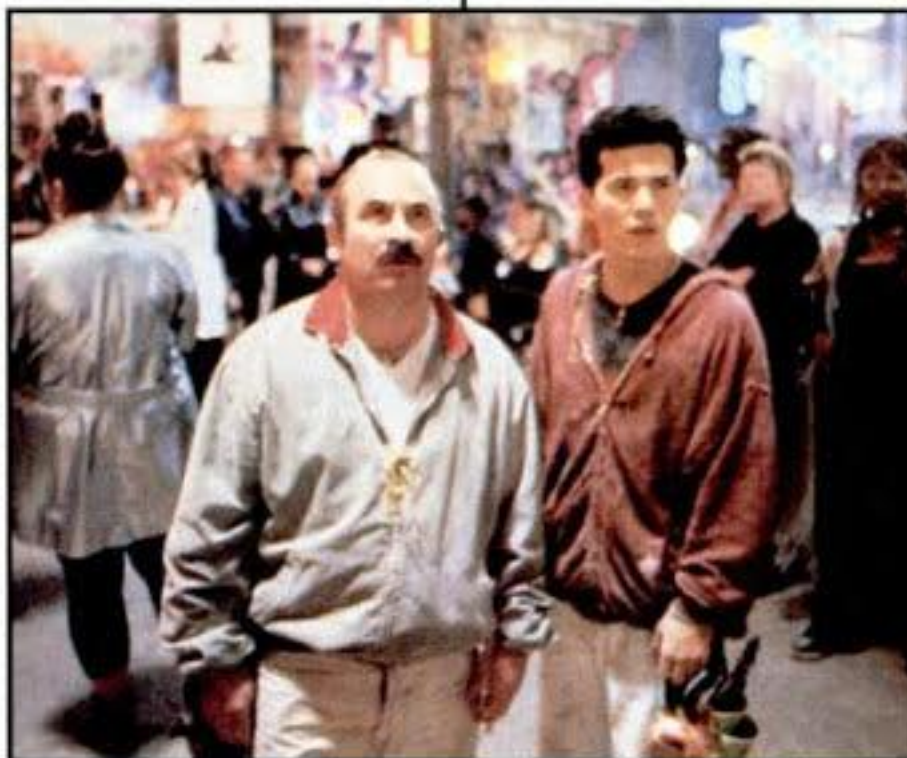
IS: Feature-length video game

CREATIVE INPUT: Caruso complained the original script was “more of a serious drama piece as opposed to a fun comedy.”

ELVES: At least six writers worked on the script, which changed so frequently that actors stopped consulting it.

CREATIVE DIFFERENCES: Original director Greg (Mom and Dad Save the World) Beeman was fired; first designer Wolf Kroger left, citing “creative differences.” Eventual co-directors Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel were

openly mocked by cast and crew and routinely referred to as “the Hydra” and “Rocky and Annabel, the Flying Squirrel Show.” Near the end of production, executive producer Jake Eberts appointed cinematographer Dean Semmler de facto director, and Joffe sent Morton and Jankel home. Semmler shot much additional footage; Joffe even directed some of the movie himself.



SUPER MARIO BROS.: Hoskins, Leguizamo, lost

WHO HAD WHO: Actor Fisher Stevens, 28, and Jamie Golightly, a 17-year-old extra, coinciding with Stevens’s breakup with Michelle Pfeiffer, 34. Denying that actual barely legal intercourse took place, Stevens did admit, “I kissed her once. It was a mistake.” Golightly added, “There was kissing, but it was not that big a deal.”

PRODUCTION NOTES: Shooting of a \$100,000 scene had to be stopped when sparks from a generator set fire to an extra’s underpants.

OVERBUDGET BY: At least \$8 million

BUZZ: Excellent test of hypothesis that kids will watch anything

Cliffhanger

TRISTAR; OPENING MAY 28



VISION: “He’s a very vulnerable character who gets abused by the system. He’s fighting his own demons”—director Renny Harlin

SPY DRAMAGRAM™: Cynical pro (park ranger Gabe Walker



IN THE LINE OF FIRE (JULY 9), CONEHEADS (JULY 23), THE METEOR MAN (JUNE 25), THE FIRM (JULY 2), LIFE WITH MIKEY (JULY 2), DENNIS THE

[Sylvester Stallone]] AND **feisty love interest** (Jessie Deighan [Janine Turner]) *put aside their differences* AND *join forces to battle Evil* (superthief Qualen [John Lithgow]), CAUSING **pro** to come to grips with his haunted past.

WHY: Carolco was desperate for a hit to keep it out of bankruptcy.

COULDA BEEN: Harlin's spectacular follow-up to *Die Hard 2*

IS: Attempted comeback vehicle for Stallone

CREATIVE INPUT: Carolco petitioned the Writers Guild on Stallone's behalf for a co-screenwriting credit for "polishes" he did on Michael France's shooting script, saying he easily rewrote more than a third of it. One person who saw an early screening agreed: "Ten minutes into the movie and I knew it had been Stallonized....It had his trademark stupid dialogue."

CREATIVE DIFFERENCES: Production of the movie had to be shut down on two separate occasions because Carol-

co failed to pay the crews.

PRODUCTION NOTES: Stallone's performance as a death-defying mountain climber was somewhat hindered by his intense fear of heights. "We would be shooting 800 to 900 feet off the ground, and he just didn't want to go up there," a source told SPY. "All of the major action in the film was done with a stunt double—about 95 percent." A much-publicized incident last year in which Stallone reportedly injured his hand climbing a cliff actually occurred on a soundstage.

OVERBUDGET BY: About \$40 million; Stallone reportedly may have to forgo \$2 million of his \$15-million salary because of cost overruns.

BUZZ: The spectacular trailer has been enthralling audiences right up until the very moment that Stallone's face appears, at which point laughter typically ensues.



CLIFFHANGER: Sly Stallone doing his own chip shots

ARNOLD'S CHOICE

A SPY INTERVIEW WITH BETHANY KRAUSE, OF COLUMBIA LICENSING AND MERCHANDISING, ON *LAST ACTION HERO*

SPY: We'd like to know what sort of merchandising you're planning for *Last Action Hero*.

Krause: Okay—I was kind of sure about

this one, but we can't give out any information at the moment because of, of Arnold.

When you say "because of Arnold,"

that means...?

Because of Arnold. Arnold has a choice in this.

You mean—

I really can't go into details on this.

But how does Arnold—

I can't tell you anything else, I could take your number and your name and call you back. ☺



MENACE (JUNE 18), SO I MARRIED AN AX MURDERER (AUGUST 6), HOCUS FOCUS (JULY 23), CLIFFORD (AUGUST 27), UNDERCOVER BLUES (JULY 9)

Jurassic Park

UNIVERSAL; OPENING JUNE 11



VISION: "There's a big moral question in this story. DNA cloning may be viable, but is it acceptable? Is it right for man to do this, or did dinosaurs have their shot a million years ago?"—director Steven Spielberg

AUTO-BLURB: "There will be comparisons made to *Jaws* and *Raiders* because of its big-scale action and adventure"—producer Kathleen Kennedy

SPY DRAMAGRAM™: **Cynical pro** (paleontologist Alan Grant [Sam Neill]) AND **feisty love interest** (paleontologist Ellie Satler [Laura Dern]) AND **eager neophyte** (mathematician Ian Malcolm [Jeff Goldblum]) AND **precocious imps** (Alexis [Ariana Richards] and Tim Murphy [Joseph Mazzello]) *are thrown together THROUGH an unlikely event* (dinosaurs run amok) AND *join forces to battle Evil* (wily Raptor dinos), **CAUSING them to come to grips with current societal problem** (DNA cloning).

WHY: Universal theme park ride and more than 1,000 merchandising tie-ins, including lip balm, cologne and chalk

COULDA BEEN: In the late 1980s, asked what he was working on, author Michael Crichton replied, "I'm writing the most expensive movie ever made."



JURASSIC PARK: triceratops, assorted humans

IS: Only the third-most-expensive movie of the summer
CREATIVE INPUT: Universal is using *Jurassic Park* to debut its new digital theater sound system. At a preview screening in Las Vegas, one exhibitor gushed, "It's kind of like the kinetic sound you get from a Siegfried & Roy show here."

CREATIVE DIFFICULTIES: Hurricane Iniki destroyed all the sets at the Kauai location in September.

WHO HAD WHO: Dern and Goldblum. Of Goldblum, a source close to the production commented, "He'd have a career if he could just keep his fucking trousers on. He seems to decide what movies he wants to make based on who he wants to sleep with."

PRODUCTION NOTES: Even before filming started, Universal had already begun construction of the dinosaurs for its *Jurassic Park* ride.

CATERING: Exhibitors previewing this ecologically aware feature were stuffed with deviled "dinosaur eggs."

POSTPRODUCTION NOTES: According to a Hollywood insider, "Some

people are saying it looks like a cross between [Sid and Marty Krofft's Saturday-morning] *Land of the Lost* and *Harry and the Hendersons*."

ENDING: In the book, the Costa Rican air force bombs Jurassic Park back to the Stone Age.

OVERBUDGET BY: As little as \$4 million

BUZZ: "If the movie goes south, then [Universal chairman] Tom Pollock goes south with it."



RISING SUN (JULY 30), POETIC JUSTICE (JULY 23), MADE IN AMERICA (MAY 28), SUPER MARIO BROS. (MAY 28)

Last Action Hero

COLUMBIA; OPENING JUNE 18



VISION: "Action-adventure doesn't have to be graphic and gory"—Columbia Pictures chief Mark Canton

AUTO-BLURB: "It's a cross between *The Wizard of Oz* and *48 HRS*"—writers Shane Black and David Arnott

SPY DRAMAGRAM™: THROUGH an unlikely event (stepping into movie screen), precocious imp (12-year-old movie fan Danny Madigan [Austin O'Brien]) joins forces WITH cynical pro (movie action hero Jack Slater [Arnold Schwarzenegger]) to battle Evil (Benedict [Charles Dance]), CAUSING pro to come to grips with what life is all about.

WHY: \$15 million for Schwarzenegger up front; \$15 million more possible on the back end

ADDITIONAL CREDITS: Director John McTiernan (\$6 million), script doctor William Goldman (\$1 million)

CREATIVE INPUT: Asked about gag orders that New York crew members were all required to sign, a spokesman for Schwarzenegger said, "In this particular instance, it's not an Arnold thing. It's a production thing." [See "Arnold's Choice," page 36.]

CREATIVE DIFFERENCES: After completely rewriting the original script by neophytes Zak Penn and Adam Leff, Arnott (*The Adventures of Ford Fairlane*) and Black (*Lethal Weapon*, *The Last Boy Scout*) looked on bitterly as director McTiernan and script doctor

Goldman rewrote them.

PRODUCTION NOTES: Schwarzenegger amazed the crew with his professionalism, not missing a minute of shooting while his wife was hospitalized with viral meningitis.

AMUSING ANECDOTE: On the first night of filming, a boy was shot in a drive-by close to the set. His friends left him in the care of what they took to be a gathering of

L.A. police, fire and emergency services—but which were actually extras with props. He died.

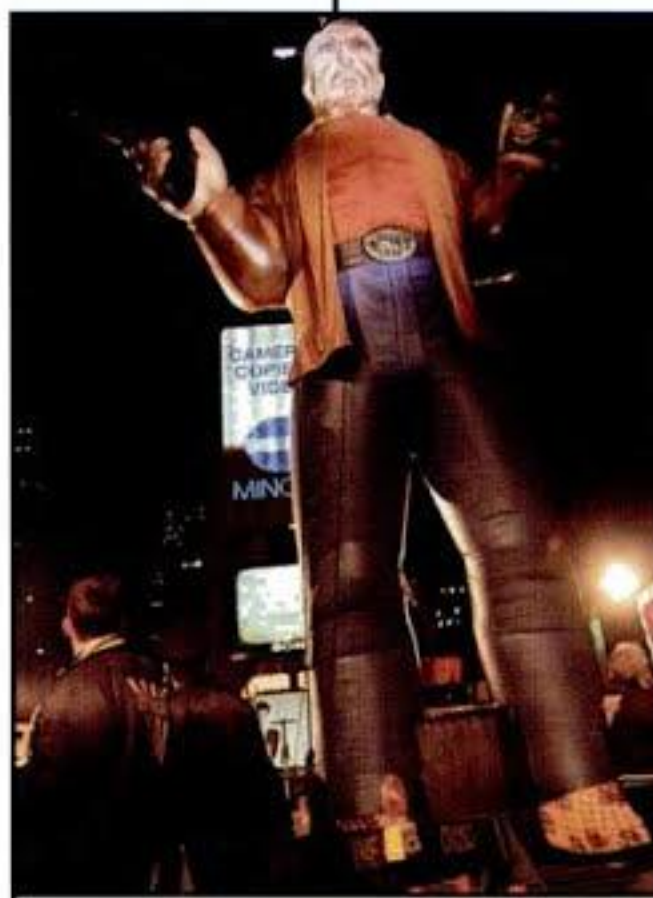
PERQUISITES: According to sources close to the production, Goldman was brought in primarily to seduce Schwarzenegger by leading him to believe it was a legitimate movie.

OVERBUDGET BY: At least \$30 million, maybe more than \$70 million. The mere mention of a possible \$120 million final cost reportedly causes Canton's eyeballs to roll around like slot machines and steam to shoot out of his ears.

ENDING: Schwarzenegger, the kid and the villain (unbeknownst to Schwarzenegger and the kid) come out of the movie.

Schwarzenegger becomes a father figure for the kid and gets engaged to the kid's mother. The villain mortally wounds Schwarzenegger, who, now human, is no longer impervious to bullets. To save his hero, the kid uses a magic ticket to send Schwarzenegger back into the movie, where he can't ever die. It is very sad.

BUZZ: Everything we've come to expect from an Arnold Schwarzenegger vehicle



LAST ACTION HERO: balloon

Sleepless in Seattle

TRISTAR; OPENING JUNE 25



AUTO-BLURB: "An homage to *An Affair to Remember*"—director Nora Ephron

SPY DRAMAGRAM™: Precocious imp (Jonah Baldwin [Ross Mallinger]) AND feisty love interest (Annie Reed [Meg Ryan]) join forces THROUGH an unlikely event (he advertises for a stepmom) to battle a regular guy (confirmed widower Sam Baldwin [Tom Hanks]), forcing him to come to grips with current societal problem (single parenthood).

COULDA BEEN: An homage to *An Affair to Remember*

IS: A very long episode of *The Courtship of Eddie's Father*

CREATIVE INPUT: After viewing an early version, Sony Pictures Entertainment chairman Peter Guber asked TriStar chairman Mike Medavoy, "Does the movie have an important song to help it along?" When told that it did not, he had the release delayed until June. At press time, the studio was trying to convince a pop star to rerecord "When I Fall in Love." "Worse comes to worse," Ephron said, "I'll just use the Nat King Cole version."

ENDING: Many complications thwart the precocious imp's plans to have Hanks and Ryan meet at the Empire State Building on Valentine's Day. Ryan breaks up with her fiancé and rushes across town, but she arrives at the observation deck just after Hanks has left. Fortunately, the imp has forgotten his cap, and when they go back to retrieve it, everyone meets and falls in love.

SELF-BUZZ: Medavoy has been telling people, with a straight face, that he believes the film will beat *Last Action Hero* and *Jurassic Park* at the box office.



SLEEPLESS IN SEATTLE: the ending



THE METEOR MAN: the costume

The Meteor Man

MGM; OPENING JUNE 25



VISION: "I know it sounds corny, but it's really about how one person can make a change"—Robert Townsend

SPY DRAMAGRAM™: THROUGH an unlikely event (being struck by a meteor), a regular guy (inner-city teacher Jefferson Reed [Townsend]) BECOMES a reluctant hero AND joins forces WITH celebrity cameos (Bill Cosby, James Earl Jones, Sinbad, Frank Gorshin) to battle current societal problem (inner-city despair), CAUSING hero to come to grips with what life is all about.

PRODUCTION NOTES: Auteur Townsend shot the movie in Baltimore's inner city (subbing for Washington, D.C.). "It was like Fort Apache, the Bronx," one source on the set told SPY.

"We were surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of screaming people," another said. "It was relentless, all day long, like 16 hours long—just screaming. And, like, guns going off."

PERQUISITES: Townsend "moved his whole family in and found ways to put them to work," one crew member said. "A couple of nieces were working as background [extras], but the eight or nine other relatives would wait at the hotel until it was time to eat, and then they'd come, and then they'd go."

AMUSING ANECDOTE: One Townsend relative, putatively hired to do actual work, regularly showed up late, then "one day he didn't come back," a source told SPY. "They couldn't find him for several hours, and it turned out he had been delayed by a raid on a crack house."

CATERING: When nourishment wasn't immediately forthcoming at the catering truck one day, costar Big Daddy Kane told a server, "I'm gonna kick your ass. C'mon outta that truck, you skinny motherfucker!"

BUZZ: "Really dreadful," an industry insider says.

BLUES UNDERCOVERED!

A SPY INTERVIEW WITH TOM ARNOLD, NOT QUITE THE STAR OF UNDERCOVER BLUES

SPY: Any amusing anecdotes you'd like to share?

Arnold: Let me think. Well, I mostly played a lot of chess with Dennis [Quaid]....I was like his chess whore,

because I was the only one that would play with him, because he's really good and he's real competitive, and every once in a while he let me win to make me feel good....And, you know, we got to go

down to film on Bourbon Street, so, you know, you see a lot of interesting things. You know, chicks with dicks is big down there....I think it's guys with tits, but it's called chicks with dicks. You know, I wasn't there long enough to figure it out. Have you seen the movie? I've seen parts of it....They seem good, 'cause I was in the parts I saw. No, everybody's said it's real good. ☺

The Firm

PARAMOUNT; OPENING JULY 2



AUTO-BLURB: "What seems like a golden opportunity could cost him his life"—publicity

SPY DRAMAGRAM™: Eager neophyte (Mitch McDeere [Tom Cruise]) joins forces WITH Evil (Memphis law firm) AND comes to grips with current societal problem (organized crime).

WHY: John Grisham's novel was on the *New York Times* hardcover best-seller list for 47 weeks.

CREATIVE INPUT: Playwright David Rabe (*Streamers*) submitted two drafts but was fired because his work suggested he'd perhaps not read the book.

CREATIVE DIFFERENCES: Producer Scott Rudin, an unpleasant fat boy, was asked politely by director Sydney Pollack to stay out of Memphis and away from the set. Rudin petulantly appealed to Paramount, and lost.

ELVES: Dan Pyne (*Pacific Heights*) and David Rayfiel took whacks at the script before Robert Towne (*Chinatown*) batted cleanup. Publicists insisted the credited screenwriters be ID'ed as "Robert Towne & David Rayfiel," a legal arrangement suggesting a cooperative effort.

PRODUCTION NOTES: In the film, a law firm offers Cruise a Mercedes as an inducement to work there. In the book, the firm offers the main character a BMW.

PERQUISITE: Chauffeured Mercedes limousine for Cruise

CATERING: Grisham expressed reservations about Wilford Brimley, an actor he could only picture as the pitchman for Quaker Oats. Pollack tried to assuage Grisham, but Brimley only reinforced Grisham's perception by eating oatmeal for breakfast on the set.

ENDING: Cruise takes money from the Feds and prac-

tices law in another city, where there is no organized crime. A displeased Grisham's only comment on this change from the book's ending: "I hope it works for them."

BUZZ: An industry insider says *The Firm* "will prove once and for all that Sydney Pollack shouldn't be directing."



THE FIRM: Cruise, portraying young adult

Undercover Blues

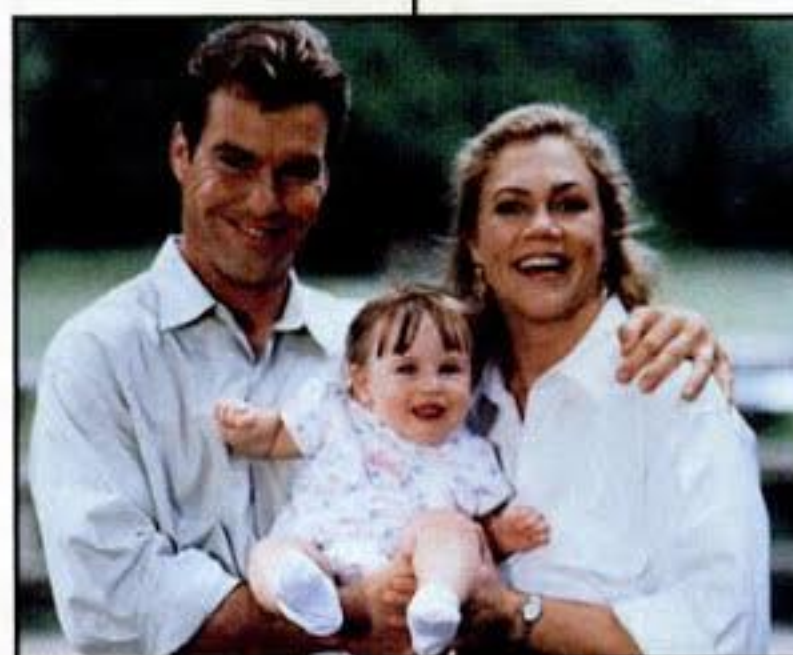
MGM; OPENING JULY 9



VISION: "I would say it's like *Romancing the Stone* without the—without—it's sort of not as danger-ridden, because everything is on a lighter level, you know?...If you remember the Lichtenstein paintings? It's not exactly like a cartoon, but it's bigger than life, sort of, so that the violence isn't that violent?"—producer Mike Lobell

AUTO-BLURB: "A cross between James Bond and *The Thin Man*"—publicity

SPY DRAMAGRAM™: Cynical pros (former spies Jeff [Dennis Quaid] and Jane Blue [Kathleen Turner]) come out of retirement AND join forces WITH precocious imp (Baby Blue [Michelle Schuelke]) to battle Evil (Muerte [Stanley Tucci]).



UNDERCOVER BLUES: dad, baby, mom

AKA: *Cloak and Diaper*

CREATIVE INPUT: "I wanted to call it *Guns N' Diapers*," Lobell told SPY. "Like Guns N' Roses, you know."

CREATIVE DIFFERENCES: "No. No," Lobell said. "Hot. Some fainting. But no fights."

PRODUCTION NOTES: Turner prepared for her role by checking into a fat farm.

CATERING: "The food in Louisiana's fabulous if you like butter," Lobell said. "I bring my own fruit and cottage cheese with me wherever I go."

SELF-BUZZ: "This is a very funny movie," Lobell insisted.

JUSTICE, POETICALLY!

A SPY INTERVIEW WITH RAPPER TONE LÖC, NOT QUITE THE STAR OF POETIC JUSTICE

SPY: So what was it like working on *Poetic Justice*?

Löc: It was cool, y'know. It was very convenient. It was only filmed about five minutes away from my house, so I could get all the extra sleep I needed.

Is that important?

Hell, yeah! I dunno, I'm not a big sleeper, though, but you know how it is when you have to be somewhere, it just makes you sleepy for some reason.

Are you a friend of Janet Jackson's?

No. Any amusing anecdotes you'd like to

share?

Basically, there pretty much wasn't any funny stories, except for, you know, I think we got a little out of control in one of the scenes when we were beating this guy up. I think I got a little bit too real with it. I started throwing trays and all kinds of shit at him. He was a little sore afterward....I can't remember his name. Anything else you'd like to add? I just did my part because I was on my way to do another movie. ☺

In the Line of Fire

COLUMBIA; OPENING JULY 9



VISION: "The story of a man looking to redeem himself by saving the life of America's highest elected official, even if it means sacrificing his own"—publicity

AUTO-BLURB: "It's my greatest experience after *Das Boot*"—director Wolfgang Petersen

SPY DRAMAGRAM™: **Cynical pro** (Secret Service agent Frank Horrigan [Clint Eastwood]) comes out of semiretirement WHEN **the MacGuffin** [U.S. president] falls into harm's way AND joins forces WITH **eager neophyte** (new partner Al D'Andrea [Dylan McDermott]) AND **feisty love interest** (Agent Lily Raines [Rene Russo]) to battle **Evil** (presidential-assassin hopeful Mitch Leary [John Malkovich]), CAUSING **pro** to come to grips with his haunted past.

WHY: "I liked the character's flaws as well as his heroic potential"—Eastwood

COULDA BEEN: A taut thriller in which Clint Eastwood once again battles his inner demons

IS: All that, plus *morphing*

CREATIVE INPUT: This is the first feature film in which the Secret Service acknowledges involvement.

CREATIVE DIFFERENCES: Eastwood fought to stay out of the trailer but was finally coerced into delivering a single line, which resulted in a particularly idiotic trailer.

PRODUCTION NOTES: Computer effects allow director Petersen to do what Oliver Stone could not: place a young Clint Eastwood in Dallas on November 22, 1963.

ENDING: Malkovich tries to shoot the president, but Eastwood steps into the line of fire and takes the bullet. He is injured but doesn't die.

BUZZ: Good

Rising Sun

20TH CENTURY FOX; OPENING JULY 30



VISION: "I saw the book as a 'wake-up call.' The notion of the United States as a Third World nation taken over by a superior civilization fascinated me.

Whether the material was 'politically correct' never occurred to me."—former Fox studio chief Joe Roth

AUTO-BLURB: "This picture isn't *Jurassic Park*"—author Michael Crichton

SPY DRAMAGRAM™: **Cynical but sensitive pro** (police detective John Connor [Sean Connery]) AND **eager neophyte** (Web Smith [Wesley Snipes]) are thrown together

THROUGH an unlikely event (a white prostitute is found dead on a conference table of a new Japanese office building in Los Angeles) AND join forces to battle current societal problem (Japanese corporate takeovers) AND must come to grips with possibility that reserved Japanese businessmen are murderers.

WHY: Strangely, despite its being a major best-seller written by an author with a proven track record in film, only 20th Century Fox bid for the book. Even then, Fox checked with its Japanese distributors before buying.

COULDA BEEN: *Invasion of the Inscrutable Body Snatchers*

IS: Crichton's right-wing paranoia filtered through director Philip Kaufman's left-wing paranoia

CREATIVE INPUT: Steven Clemons, executive director of the Japan America Society of Southern California, was brought in as a consultant to minimize the appearance of Jap-bashing. He denied the movie was politically corrected but added, "In this film you get Americans who are good guys, and [who] are racists and bigots, and, you know, you've got Wesley, who's obviously

African American, you've got this old cop, you've got Tia [Carrere], who plays a, uh, half-black and half-Korean, uh, woman, who has a, um, handicap."

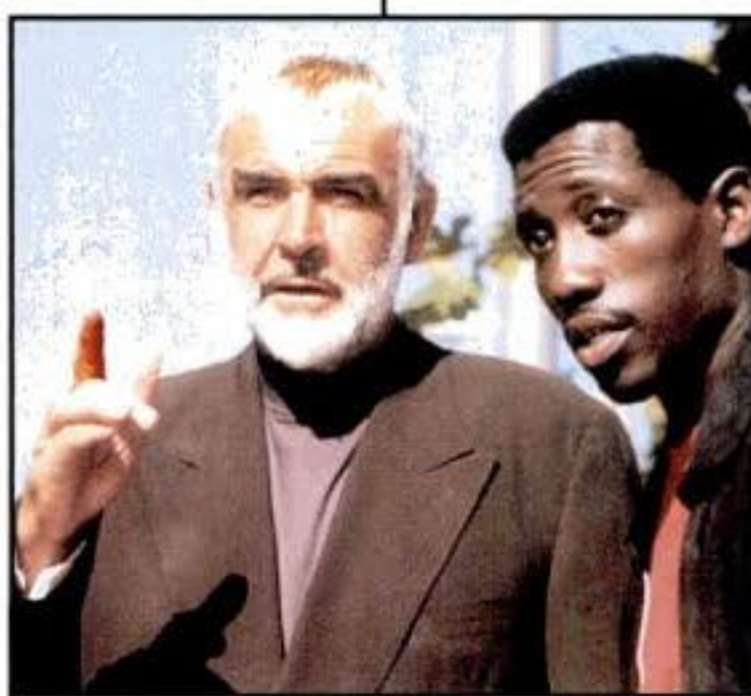
CREATIVE DIFFERENCES: Kaufman was reportedly unhappy with Crichton and Michael Backes's faithful adaptation of Crichton's xenophobic book (Crichton's defense: "*Citizen Kane* didn't have particularly sympathetic characters") and demanded they rewrite the first 40 pages five times before having them taken off the project. A "polish" by David Mamet followed. The final shooting script was almost entirely Kaufman's, or at least he thought so, because he asked the Writers Guild to grant him sole writing credit. He lost.

PRODUCTION NOTES: Kaufman, whose previous movies—*The Right Stuff*, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, *Henry & June*—were all at least an hour too long, was contractually bound to deliver a two-hour-or-less final cut. At press time, his cut was still eight minutes too long.

AMUSING ANECDOTE: Connery and director of photography Michael Chapman got into a shouting match early one morning over whether a crucial night shot should be filmed as the sun was coming up. Connery wanted to complete the scene so he could go golfing and not have to return the next night. Chapman refused to continue shooting, at which point Kaufman stepped in and diplomatically



IN THE LINE OF FIRE: Eastwood descending



RISING SUN: white cop, black cop

cut the disputed shots from the movie.

ENDING: The killer is Japanese in the book, but that has been politically corrected.

BUZZ: Fox, Connery and Crichton hate it, but maybe you'll like it.

So I Married an Ax Murderer

TRISTAR; OPENING AUGUST 6, MAYBE



AUTO-BLURB: "What 48 HRS did for action comedies, this movie will do for romantic action thrillers"—producer Rob Fried

WHY: Mike Myers and writer Robbie Fox have had many unsatisfactory relationships with women.

COULDA BEEN: Myers solidifying the boffo-box-office reputation he began to develop with *Wayne's World*

IS: Myers solidifying the gigantic-asshole reputation he began to develop with *Wayne's World*

SPY DRAMAGRAM™: Regular guy (Charlie MacKenzie [Myers]) MEETS feisty love interest (Harriet [Nancy Travis]) BUT *must come to grips with possibility she is a murderer.*

ELVES: The movie reportedly started out with a funny script, but Myers and his SNL buddies rewrote it.

CREATIVE INPUT: Halfway through filming, director Thomas Schlamme and Myers stopped speaking.

WHO HAD WHO: Producer Fried and actress Travis lived together before, during and after the filming.

PRODUCTION NOTES: Unable to decide whether he was Robin Williams or Alec Baldwin, Myers alternately

entertained and terrorized the crew. "He was psycho," one production source said. "Five percent of the time he [added] levity and 85 percent of the time he [added] havoc." Myers repeatedly demanded on-the-set rewrites and threw hissy fits and disappeared for several hours. "He was on this crazy diet because of this one scene where he pulls his pants down," the source said. "Maybe that helps to explain the mood he was in."

AMUSING ANECDOTES: During a love scene with the attractive Travis, Myers asked a male production assistant to do a seductive dance just out of camera range to keep him excited, apparently as a joke. In another comic turn, one day Myers, attempting to atone for his chronic lateness, emerged from his trailer nude from the waist down and squirmed in director Schlamme's lap.

MISHAPS: Travis, who plays a butcher-store owner, cut off the tip of one of her middle fingers while filming a scene at a local meat market. It was sewn back on.

CATERING: Myers had both a personal nutritionist and a chef on the set.

POSTPRODUCTION NOTES: The film tested so poorly that Schlamme spent a week reshooting in March, reportedly changing both the beginning and the end. TriStar was so worried about the bad word of mouth on Myers that it actively tried to woo

press to San Francisco for reshoots. Myers later called the stories about problems on the set "weird reports."

BUZZ: Sucks donkeys. 🍌



SO I MARRIED AN AX MURDERER: Travis and Myers, faking pleasantness

SPY SUMMER-MOVIE CREW: Larry Doyle, Mark Ebner, Jeff Hoyt, Daniel Radosh, Debby Rovine, Louis Theroux, Carol Vinzant, Wendi Williams

NOT COMING THIS SUMMER

Striking Distance, the Columbia summer blockbuster in which maverick cop Bruce Willis goes after a serial killer he believes killed his dad, will not be coming out this summer, primarily because, while entertaining, it is incomprehensible. Columbia added a week of shooting in February to plug some major plot holes, then added two more weeks in a last-ditch attempt to make it watchable. The picture is currently scheduled for a fall release.

Even Cowgirls Get the Blues,

originally scheduled as a Fine Line summer release, also won't be out this summer but "not because the film's bad," a publicist told SPY. "You remember the book and stuff—it'd kind of have a fall feeling."

And finally, *RoboCop 3*, an Orion film originally scheduled for summer release and shown in preview screenings in April, is no longer a summer movie, according to Orion spokesman Larry Steinfeld.

SPY: I'd like to get some information about *RoboCop 3*.

Steinfeld: *RoboCop 3* is not a summer movie.

Why not?

RoboCop 3 is not a summer movie.

Why isn't it a summer movie?

Because it's not a summer movie.

Uh, but up until last week it was a summer movie, so why is it now—

I've told you, it's not a summer movie. I don't know what else you want to know....I've already given you more information than I've given anyone else asking these questions. 🍌

OTHER PRODUCT

The fact that we felt that none of these fine movies was worth more than one or two sentences should not deter you from seeing them, should your life be so devoid of any entertainment.

MADE IN AMERICA (Warner Bros., May 28): Not just a wacky sperm-bank movie, but a nearly two-hour wacky sperm-bank movie that broke up a marriage. Costars Whoopi Goldberg and Ted Danson are, amazingly, considering making a sequel.

DENNIS THE MENACE (Warner Bros., June 18): During filming of this John Hughes product, crew members openly read "Big Baby" [SPY, December 1992], an analysis of Hughes's employment practices.

True to form, a producer went around the set snatching copies of the magazine out of idle hands.

LIFE WITH MIKEY (Touchstone, July 2): Michael J. Fox plays a former child star who runs a sleazy talent agency for many, many precocious imps. Expect Disney to tout eleven-year-old inner-city Puerto Rican Christina Vidal as the precocious-imp discovery of the century. Don't expect Disney to tout that this discovery was paid SAG scale.

FREE WILLY (Warner Bros., July 16): A boy and his whale. Title change advisable for U.K. distribution.

HOCUS POCUS (Buena Vista, July 23): In this Disney release, Bette Midler sucks the life out of children.

POETIC JUSTICE (Columbia, July 23): Janet Jackson plays Justice, a hairdresser who is poetic (Maya Angelou wrote the poems), in this sophomore feature by writer-director John Singleton (*Boyz n the Hood*). "A piece of crap," according to one Hollywood insider, who says it's only being released because the soundtrack might make money.

CONEHEADS (Paramount, July 23): In

the 1970s TV sketches, Beldar consumed mass quantities of beer. Asked about the appropriateness of this in these more abstinent times, writer Tom Davis told SPY, "It is a nineties thing. We don't make any



DENNIS THE MENACE: Walter Matthau sticking tongue out. **KALIFORNIA:** Lewis about to stick tongue into Pitt.

big deal about drinking anything. It's just, whatever it is he drinks, he drinks lots of it, and, y'know, he'll drink anything from booze to Windex to Diet Pepsi."

KALIFORNIA (Gramercy, July 30): Costars Brad Pitt and Juliette Lewis broke up shortly after this serial-killer movie wrapped, presumably because Pitt's ego was bruised by Lewis's clearly superior performance.

THE FUGITIVE (Warner Bros., August 6): As with *Patriot Games*, Harrison Ford replaces Alec Baldwin, who

was deemed to be too much of a boyfriend of Kim Basinger's.

GHOST IN THE MACHINE (20th Century Fox, August): A serial killer mutates into a computer virus.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY (Universal, August 20): Michael J. Fox plays an industrious concierge much like the one producer Brian Grazer once paid to go surfing with him. The film was once called *The Concierge*, but it was felt too few moviegoers would know what a concierge was.

MANHATTAN MURDER MYSTERY (TriStar, August 20): Early production difficulties that included the leading lady threatening to kill the director and herself, and the director being pelted with garbage by New York crowds, appear to have been overcome. Diane Keaton returns to the Diane Keaton role following a long absence.

CLIFFORD (Orion, August 27): Playing a ten-year-old precocious imp amid giant props, Martin Short reportedly kept the crew entertained by constantly breaking into "Auntie Mame" routines. The movie is unlikely to match the hilarity that ensued on the first day of rehearsals when a grip accidentally knocked off Charles Grodin's toupee, revealing him to be totally bald.

FATHER HOOD (Hollywood Pictures, August 27): Patrick Swayze plays a wayward father who takes precocious imps he hardly knows on the lam, goes to the beach and learns about family values. Called "the untitled Patrick Swayze feature" as late as one week before wrap, it has also been known as *Jack of Hearts*, *Honor Among Thieves*, *Mike Hardy* and *Desperado*.

THE SECRET GARDEN (Warner Bros., August 28): To achieve the effect of a "forlorn, neglected garden" in this Francis Ford Coppola production, horticulturists stripped leaves from trees and injected plants with formaldehyde. Sources say it is "unreleasable," but it appears they are going to release it anyway. ☺

PEARLSTINE BEFORE SWINE

DID THE MANAGING EDITOR OF *THE WALL STREET JOURNAL* SOFT-PEDAL HIS PAPER'S SCRUTINY OF 1980s CORPORATE BARBARIANS?

AMERICA PROBABLY NEEDED a tough and independent financial newspaper more in the 1980s—the Age of Milken—than at any other time in its history. Never before was such artful illusionism practiced on Wall Street, never were the men enriching themselves so tawdry, never were the rewards so great, and never were the consequences so grave; a paper specializing in finance that thoroughly chronicled and exploded the schemes of the eighties tycoons would have done a great service. Of course, in order for such a paper to properly perform this task, the person running it would have to have been many things—brave, for example, and incorruptible and socially secure. Maybe, though, one thing this intrepid

ADAPTED FROM *THE POWER AND THE MONEY: INSIDE THE WALL STREET JOURNAL*, BY FRANCIS X. DEALY JR.



newspaperman should *not* have been was a very close personal friend of Michael Milken's publicist.

In a better world, *The Wall Street Journal* would have been the newspaper that covered the financial manipulations of the decade just past with uncompromising diligence, and its proprietors can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it has the reputation for having done so. But much more than the public ever realized, the man who ran the *Journal* from 1983 to '91, Norman Pearlstine, now 50, regularly risked compromising the paper with his favormongering and status-seeking amid the very plutocrats about whom the *Journal* was writing. Because of Pearlstine, *The Wall Street Journal* was not a cold observer of the cynicism on Wall Street in the 1980s but part of it.

Every newspaper has its straight-shooting patron saint whose ideals are held up for cub reporters to emulate. At the *Journal* the patron saint is the late Barney Kilgore. Don Moffett, a veteran editor of the paper, invoked Kilgore when he was asked about Pearlstine. "It was part of Kilgore's tradition," Moffett said, "that the *Journal* would ignore and be ignored by the financial establishment. We had to keep our distance to do our jobs. Pearlstine changed that. He mingled his personal social ambitions with his professional responsibilities to such an extent that Kilgore would have fired him."

Stephen Schwarzman, the president and CEO of The

"WE ALL KNOW NORM IS A STAR-FUCKER, AND THE WAY TO GET TO HIM IS TO TAKE HIM TO LUNCH"

Blackstone Group, a small, extremely elite investment-banking firm, put it another way. Interviewed—like almost everyone else quoted here—when Pearlstine was still at the *Journal*, Schwarzman said, "We all know Norm is a star-fucker, and the way to get to him is to take him to lunch."

THE SON OF A SUCCESSFUL LAWYER, PEARLSTINE attended Haverford and in 1967 received a degree from the University of Pennsylvania Law School. Instead of practicing law, however, he immediately went to work for *The New York Times* as a copy boy. "It was a most painful period for Norman," said Barry Newman, a longtime *Journal* reporter who was a copy boy at the *Times* the same year as Pearlstine. "Here he was, a lawyer, and he had also been a reporter in Pennsylvania. And what did he do? In starched white shirt and rep tie, he kept circling around all day in that bizarre newsroom, pain and misery etched in his face, delivering copy." Perhaps this demeanor was provoked by a *Times* editor saying during his first week on the job, "You will never make it here." Within three months Pearlstine fled to the *Journal*.

When he applied for an opening in the *Journal's* Dallas bureau, he stood out from the hundreds of other applicants. According to Herb Lawson, the Dallas-bureau chief who hired him, "Norman had prepared for the interview as if he were arguing a case before the Supreme Court. He knew things about the *Journal* you'd expect only a veteran to know." Thus do great careers begin. Pearlstine did well in Dallas and moved on to Detroit, where he won a reputation as the best reporter the bureau had

ever had, and then Los Angeles and Tokyo. Then, in 1976, when Pearlstine was 34, came the assignment that would really set him on his way—he went to Hong Kong to become the first managing editor of *The Asian Wall Street Journal*, the brainchild of then-34-year-old Peter Kann, who is now the chairman of Dow Jones. That experience lashed their fates together, and as Kann rose in the



JIM ROBINSON, PEARLSTINE, PAUL VOLCKER, 1989

Journal hierarchy he would bring his friend with him.

But not without one interruption. Only 18 months after publishing the first issue of the *Asian Journal*, both Pearlstine and Kann left, Kann to become the assistant to Dow Jones's CEO, Warren Phillips, and Pearlstine to become an executive editor of *Forbes* in Los Angeles. If nothing else, that allowed him to circumvent the many people who were ahead of him at the *Journal*. Pam Hollie, a colleague who has known Pearlstine for 20 years, said,

"It was a clever move. It moved his career along faster than ordinary. Norm is a pretty political guy. Let's just say that Norman was a smart, ambitious guy who sold himself to his friend, Malcolm Forbes, so the *Journal* would eventually realize how much they lost."

In 1980, Kann, by then the *Journal's* associate publisher, brought Pearlstine back as national-news editor (nudging aside the incumbent, a 25-year veteran). For Pearlstine to become boss at the *Journal*, he now needed to take only that one small step from national-news editor to managing editor. It was easy. The managing editor at the time was named Larry O'Donnell. "Larry's fate was sealed the day Norman became national-news editor," said then-executive editor Fred Taylor. "He would spend hours on the phone with Peter, bitching about Larry." By September 1983, just as the greatest bull market in history was gathering steam, Pearlstine was running the paper.

FROM JUNE 1983 TO JANUARY '84, GOSSIP COLUMNS IN the New York papers followed the romance between Norman Pearlstine and a newcomer to the city named Linda Gosden. Until that time, the managing editors of the *Journal* had not typically been column fodder, but Pearlstine's disregard for tradition did not seem to concern his superiors. Gosden had been an aide to President Reagan and an executive at Warner Amex, an ill-fated cable-television venture jointly owned by Warner Bros. and American Express. As things turned out, Gosden met somebody at work who meant more to her than Pearlstine. This was James Robinson III, then and until recently the chairman of American Express. In 1984 he and Gosden married, and Gosden became the famous haute eighties personage Linda Robinson, known to us now as a principal in the leading Wall Street public-relations firm, Robinson, Lake, Lerer & Montgomery; as the woman who orchestrated Michael Milken's trip to Shea Stadium with 1,700 poor children; and as a powerful behind-the-scenes force in the struggle for RJR Nabisco.

Despite the breakup, there were no hard feelings between Pearlstine and Linda Robinson. In fact, in 1988 she was fortunate enough to be the subject of a front-page profile in the *Journal*. To readers it was a well-balanced account of a beautiful and ambitious woman. But at the *Journal*, the piece created concern. As editor Don Moffett said, "It was a subtle form of corruption. A page-one profile in *The Wall Street Journal* is worth an awful lot of money. It's perhaps

the best publicity a PR firm, or anyone else, could hope for." Bill Paul, a *Journal* reporter in New York, said, "We all knew Norman rewrote the piece to make his old girlfriend look good."

Linda Robinson was not just an old girlfriend, though—she and Jim Robinson regularly socialized with Pearlstine and his eventual wife, sexologist Nancy Friday. As Pearlstine said, "At one time we were very close with Jim and Linda." This means that throughout much of the 1980s, when Linda Robinson's PR firm served as the press office to the new Wall Street, Robinson was conveniently spending many of her evenings and weekends with the one member of the press who mattered most to her clients.

The Robinsons' sway over Pearlstine and the reporters eager to please him was reflected in the *Journal's* treatment of Jim Robinson during the epic battle for RJR Nabisco. In front-page articles and in their book *Barbarians at the Gate*, reporters Bryan Burrough and John Helyar were exceedingly kind to Robinson and exceedingly harsh toward Robinson's subordinate Peter Cohen as they recounted Robinson and Cohen's botched buyout. Pearlstine's friendship with Linda Robinson cannot be the only explanation for why Burrough and Helyar took the Robinson view—Linda Robinson no doubt had some impact by acting as a useful source—but would the tone and content of their reporting really have been the same if their boss

RON PERELMAN, CLAUDIA COHEN, PEARLSTINE, 1989



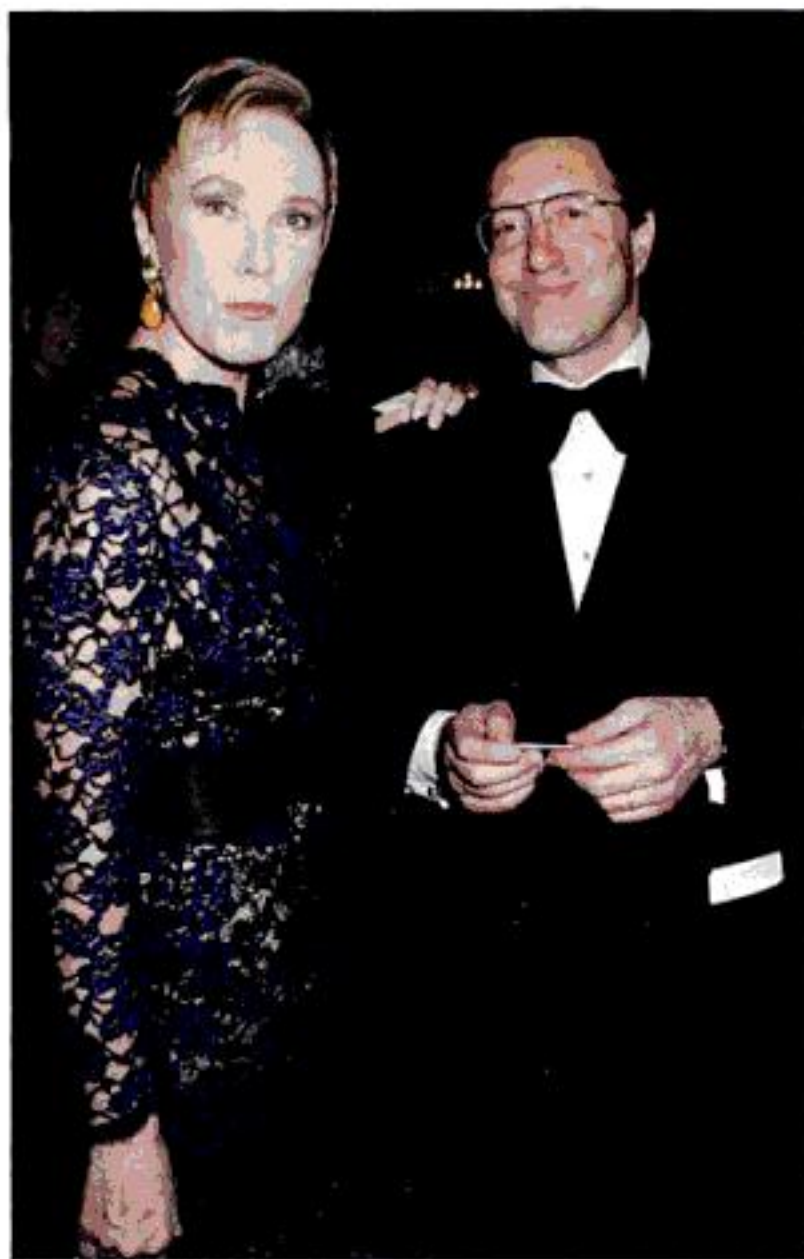
IN THE LAST TEN YEARS, NOT ONCE DID THE WALL STREET JOURNAL REPORT ON HOW MILKEN HELPED MAKE RONALD PERELMAN A BILLIONAIRE

had not been seeing two of the principals every other night?

Connie Bruck was the first to point out Burrough and Helyar's bias. Writing in *The New Yorker*, she said, "What is remarkable about *Barbarians* is the degree to which the book vilifies Cohen while taking such pains to exculpate Robinson." After Bruck wrote this, and after she criticized Robinson herself very harshly, Burrough and Pearlstine changed course. On September 24, 1990, the *Journal* published a lengthy front-page article by Burrough describing a smear campaign orchestrated by American Express against Edmond Safra, an international banker once allied with American Express. While congratulating Pearlstine for setting aside his friendship with the Robinsons in this instance, one must wonder about how pride and emotion affected his and Burrough's judgment when they seized on the Safra affair. Jim Robinson had already publicly admitted to and apologized for American Express's wrongdoing a year earlier. The anti-Safra campaign made him look asinine, but it was not criminal—although a reader of Burrough's near-hysterical article might have been forgiven for thinking it was. Pearlstine later said, "Jim and Linda don't talk to me anymore."

FORTUNATELY FOR Pearlstine, there were other fish in the sea besides Linda Gosden. Sometime in the early 1980s he met Nancy Friday, and

"WE ALL KNEW NORMAN REWROTE THE PIECE TO MAKE HIS OLD GIRL-FRIEND LOOK GOOD"



PEARLSTINE AND WIFE, 1993

lawyers; the *Journal* did not run a story saying Milken was under investigation until two months later. After that, the *Journal's* James Stewart followed him assiduously, eventually writing *Den of Thieves*, but the damage

their relationship proceeded fitfully until December 1987, when Friday, after a long struggle, divorced her first husband. Pearlstine and Friday were married at the Rainbow Room the following July before 600 guests.

Thanks to Friday, Pearlstine became friends with Ronald Perelman, the billionaire raider who seized Revlon in 1985 with the help of some \$700 million in junk bonds sold by Michael Milken. Perelman had used Milken in two other acquisitions before Revlon, but the unlikely, brutal Revlon deal was the consummation of the men's partnership. The acquiring company, Perelman's Pantry Pride, was one-eighth the size of Revlon, prompting Felix Rohatyn to describe the attempt as "preposterous." Yet Perelman and Milken prevailed.

The relationship between Pearlstine and Perelman troubled people at the *Journal*. As Bill Paul said, "Do you think when Ronnie and Norman were having Seder together that Ronnie was telling Norman to watch out for Milken?" Evidently not, for while the *Journal* reporter who covered the Revlon purchase at the time called it "the deal of the century," the *Journal* never mentioned Milken by name. And in fact, a search of the *Journal's* coverage of Ron Perelman over the last ten years reveals that not once did it report on how Milken helped make Perelman a billionaire. Even when the *Journal* ran a long page-one profile of Perelman in March 1990, it failed to mention Milken's role when Perelman bought Revlon (though it did point out that Perelman and Pearlstine were friends).

Asked about his friendship with Perelman, Pearlstine said, "Yes, I'm a friend of Ronnie's, and Nancy's on his payroll [as a beauty consultant]. Peter [Kann] and Warren [Phillips] know all that.... But I never get involved when we write about him."

The *Journal's* incomplete portrayal of Perelman is bad enough, but Pearlstine's closeness to someone entangled with Milken is also of concern because the *Journal's* coverage of Milken was inadequately skeptical. As late as June 1986, the *Journal* ran an admiring page-one story headlined STREET FIGHTER: FAST-GROWING DREXEL IRRITATES MANY RIVALS WITH ITS TOUGH TACTICS. Irritates? By this time, Milken was creating debt-driven chaos with his methods.

Nor was the *Journal* quick to report that Milken was a subject of the investigation into Ivan Boesky and Dennis Levine's insider-trading ring—*The New York Times* ran a story in December 1986 saying Milken was hiring

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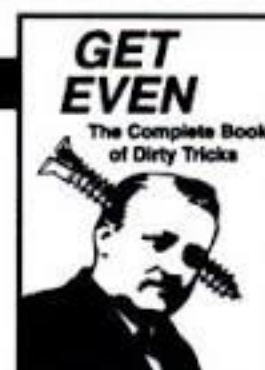
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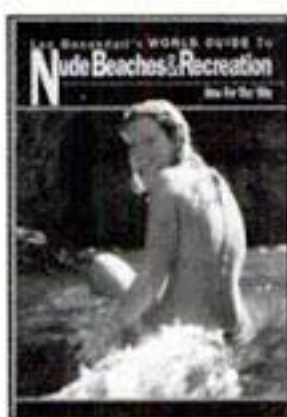
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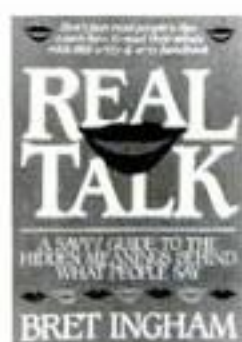


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had already been done. As Bill Kovach, the curator of the Nieman Foundation and former editor of the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, said, "Once the system and Milken had collapsed, then [Stewart] and the *Journal* came in. We needed to understand junk-bond financing in the early eighties when a new atmosphere was at work in Washington. They didn't do this." One can't help wondering what would have happened if the *Journal* had set its own Connie Bruck on Milken in 1984.

PEARLSTINE'S RELATIONSHIP WITH MILKEN WAS INDIRECT, BUT THAT WAS NOT the case with many of the other big players on Wall Street. "It is absolutely true," said Davis Weinstock, a highly regarded Wall Street public-relations expert, "that anyone of public note in the business world can call Pearlstine, either through intermediaries or direct, have dinner with him and, as a result, get a *Journal* story about them either killed, postponed or ameliorated. Pearlstine is, as the Street says, 'reachable.'"

Weinstock used Richard Beattie, a big-hitting lawyer at Simpson Thacher & Bartlett and a friend of Pearlstine's, as an example: "Beattie enjoys absolute interference with Norman Pearlstine over any of Beattie's clients.... Let me cite a recent example. Randy Smith had written a story on [Henry] Kravis that both he and [then deputy managing editor] Paul Steiger thought was going to appear on the *Journal's* front page. It talked about Kravis's making billions off some deal. Pearlstine interceded because Dick Beattie called him. Pearlstine postponed the story for ten days. Then it appeared in the back of the third section, buried in the stock tables. Worst of all, the story did not have a headline, and a certain word, *fraud*, was excised from it."

Gathering steam, Weinstock continued, "Dick Beattie likes to impress potential clients. If they mention they are having a problem with the *Journal*, Beattie inevitably says, 'Norman Pearlstine is a close friend. Let me call Norman and set up a dinner and tell him the *Journal* is killing you.' Inevitably, Norman comes to the dinner, and just as inevitably, Norman compromises. And I can vouch for this with one of my own clients, Bruce Wasserstein of Wasserstein Perella & Co. [a small, very elite investment bank]. For years, the *Journal* was all over Wasserstein. Burrough played him for one of the heavies in *Barbarians*. When Bruce became my client, I advised him to ask [takeover lawyer] Joe Flom if he would set up a dinner with Pearlstine. At first Bruce thought I was crazy to suggest that. But eventually he did, and guess what? Since [then], the *Journal* has not printed one negative thing about Wasserstein."

Both Weinstock and Stephen Schwarzman, the Blackstone president, volunteered raider Eli Jacobs as a friend of Pearlstine's for whom he had pulled a story. Jacobs himself evidently bragged of this, and the reporter who wrote the story, Laurie Cohen, also said that's what happened.

Cohen said that in March 1991 she turned in a story, preapproved by her immediate supervisor, Dan Hertzberg, that revealed that Jacobs was about to default on \$400 million worth of junk-bond and loan agreements, but the piece was killed. In explaining why, Hertzberg told Cohen that the *Journal* editorial hierarchy had said, "We can't run that—Jacobs is a good friend of Norm's." Cohen then went directly to Pearlstine, who said, "I don't want to alienate one of our good sources. And besides, Eli is not going to default on those bonds." When asked if Cohen's version was true, Pearlstine said, "I was not involved at all, because I am too close to Eli. You're going to have to talk to Paul Steiger and [then senior editor] Barney Calame. My recollection, however, is the story was not strong enough. But that was Barney Calame's decision. The story contained several unattributed quotes, and an analyst from a peripheral industry was quoted.... I reminded him that Jacobs had been a good source to the *Journal* over the years. He's always talking to a

number of our reporters, helping them out. I said to Barney, 'You don't owe him [Jacobs] anything. Just make sure you're accurate.'"

Bernard Calame said, "Both Norman and Paul were away, and the national-news desk asked me to look at the story because they knew Jacobs was a friend of Norm's. The story did not add up. I rejected the piece because Laurie did not specify what Jacobs's consulting fees specifically were." Perhaps, but six weeks after Cohen handed her story in, Jacobs defaulted.

NORMAN PEARLSTINE DOES NOT suffer from a self-esteem problem. Commenting about his performance as managing editor of the *Journal*, he said, "Malcolm Forbes left his deathbed to give me the National Press Foundation's editor-of-the-year award." (Forbes actually died suddenly, after a night on the town.) Many people agree with Pearlstine that he was a fine editor who brought brilliant reporting and writing to the *Journal*. David Halberstam, for example, was highly complimentary: "Under Norman Pearlstine, the *Journal* has made a concerted effort to hire good, aggressive reporters. The paper has a real commitment to good journalism nowadays. I don't know Pearlstine well, but when I do run across a bright young person, I send him or her to Norman rather than to the *Times*." In reward for his hard work, Pearlstine was promoted to executive editor in June 1991. His duties? To oversee the *Journal*, oversee the test of a new magazine called *SmartMoney* (a joint venture with Hearst that was quickly handed off to a junior editor) and study new opportunities. Pearlstine got the message. Within a year he had resigned. He was hoping, he said, "to explore my interests and new horizons... with people with whom I couldn't negotiate under the Dow Jones conflict-of-interest policy so long as I was responsible for the *Journal's* news coverage." ■

MI NOVELA



ROMANTICA

Melodrama de Manhattan

¡El amor muy loco!

¡MI NOVIO!
¡MI HIJA!
¡AIIYEEEE!



El amor muy loco

Escrito por Jamie Malanowski y Lorenzo Doyle;
traducción de Wendell Smith

ÉSTA ES UNA HISTORIA
DE **AMOR**. ÉSTA ES UNA
HISTORIA DE **CRUELDAD**.
ÉSTA ES LA HISTORIA
MÍA.



MI HISTORIA COMIENZA EN UN RESTAURANTE.

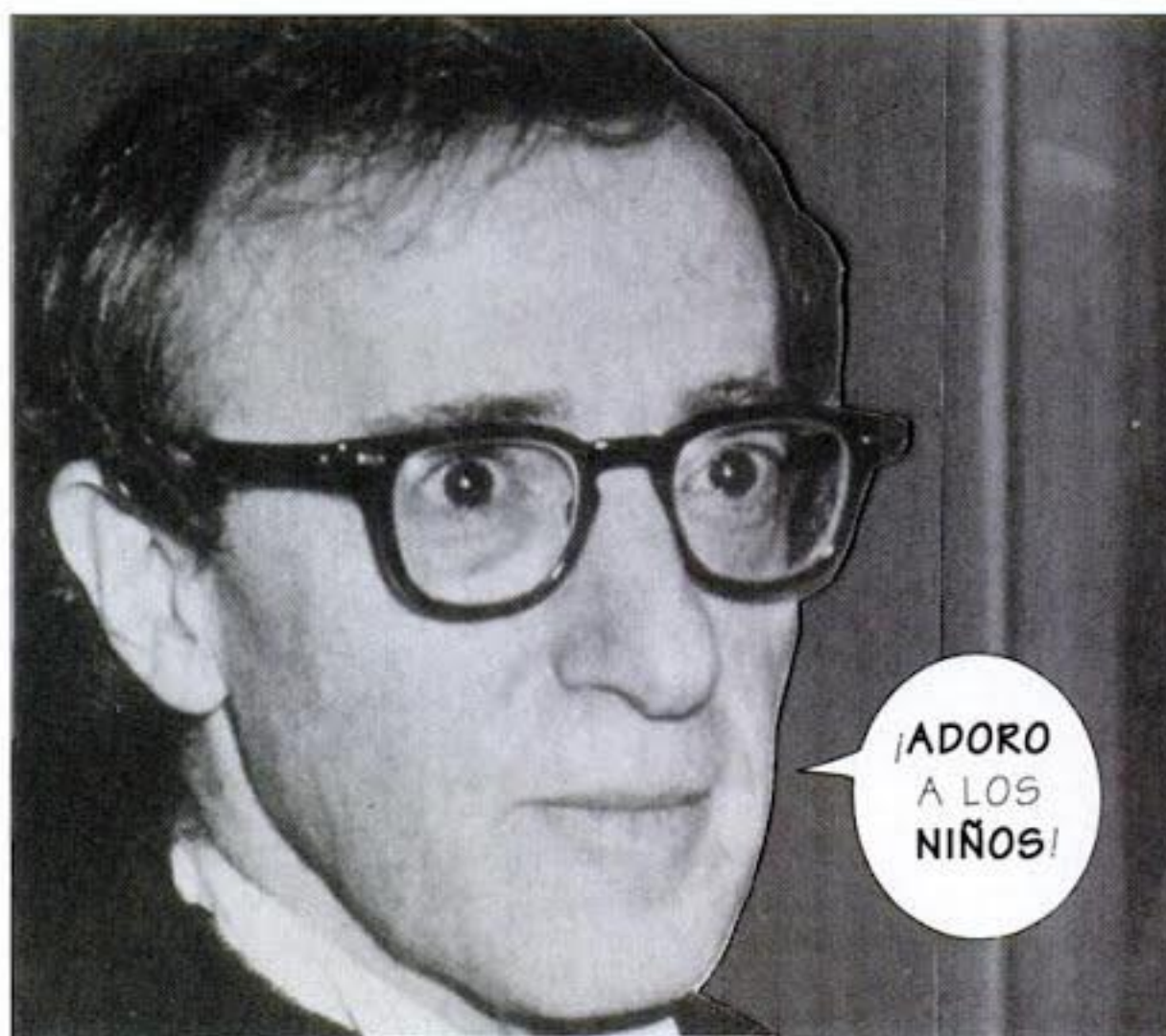


NO ESPERABA ENCONTRARME CON UN **HOMBRE**.
¡ESPECIALMENTE UN HOMBRE TAN **MACHO** Y
INTELLECTUAL!



*Jean-Paul Sartre—a famous French Communist

¡AH! ¡QUÉ HOMBRE
MÁS PERFECTO!



Adaptado del testimonio en Allen v. Farrow, Tribunal Supremo de Nueva York

MI FAMILIA LE ACEPTÓ INMEDIATAMENTE...



...Y SUS AMIGOS ME ACEPTARON TAMBIÉN.



DECIDIMOS ADOPTAR UNA NIÑA.



*The cute blond, please.

FUE UN PADRE FANTÁSTICO.



¡UN AMOR PERFECTO Y UNA FAMILIA GRANDE! ESTABA MUY CONTENTA.



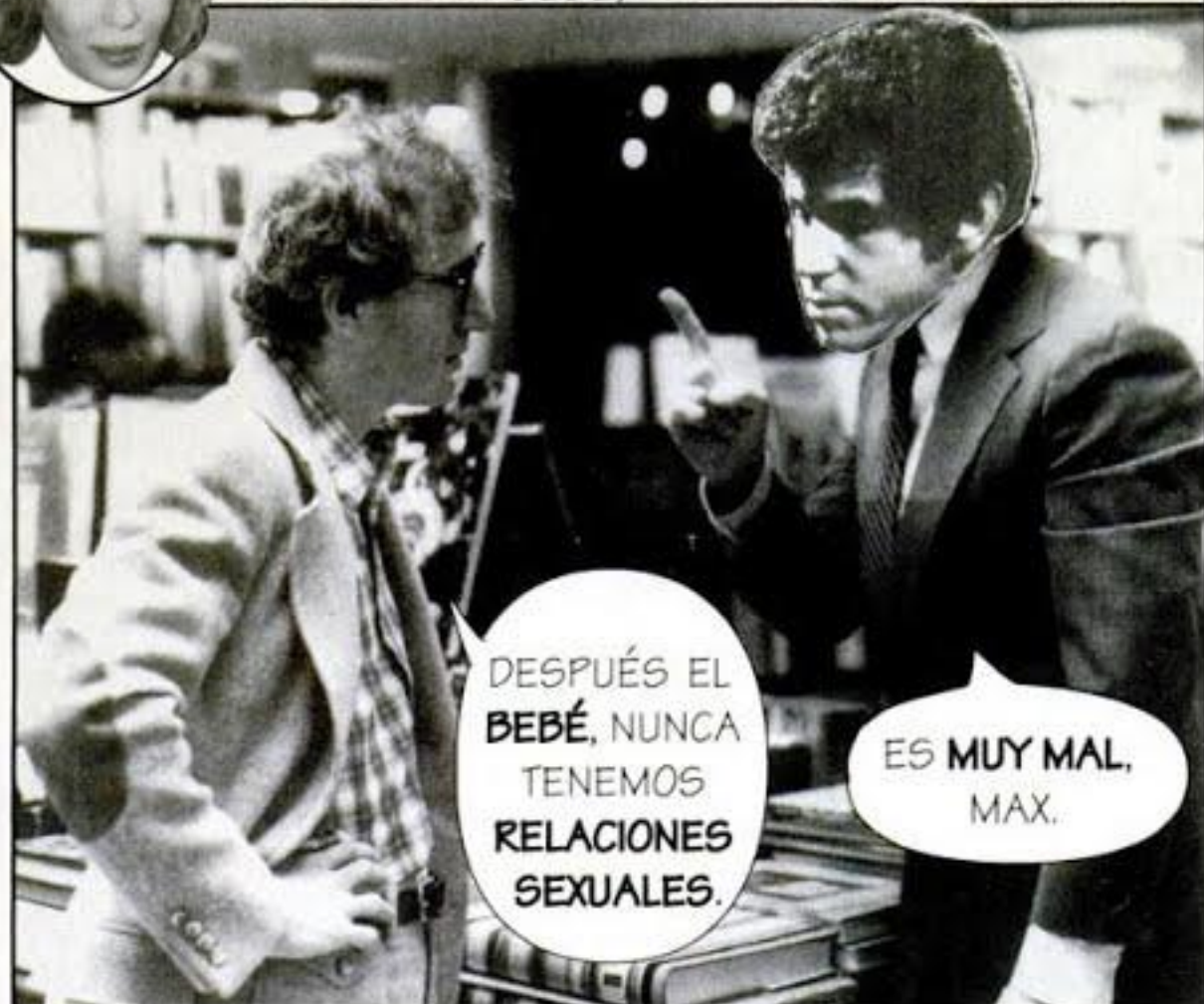
DECIDIMOS DAR A LUZ, AL NATURAL.* UN NIÑO DE AMOR.



*We decided to give birth, naturally.



DESPUÉS EL **BEBÉ**, ÉL SE PUSO DISTANTE.



DESPUÉS EL **BEBÉ**, NUNCA TENEMOS RELACIONES SEXUALES.

ES MUY MAL, MAX.

ÉL COMENZÓ A ACTUAR DE UN MODO **LOCO**.



NO MÁS, MOISÉS. ¡ESTOY SUDANDO!*

¡VAMOS A UN PARTIDO **REAL** DE BÉISBOL!

NO.

*I am sweating!



¡NO TOMO UNA **DUCHA*** AQUÍ! ¡EL **DRENAJE**** ESTÁ EN EL CENTRO!

*shower **drain



¡EL **GATO** ESTÁ EN EL **PLATO**!*
¡NO VOY A COMER AQUÍ **NUNCA**!

*The cat is on the plate!

MUY LOCO.



¿RECUERDAS LOS **ESPAGUETIS CALIENTES**?

ENTONCES, UN DÍA, ÉL SE DIO CUENTA QUE MI **HIJA** MAYOR ESTABA **TRISTE Y SOLA**.



POBRE NIÑA. NECESITA MÁS CONFIANZA EN SÍ MISMA.*

*Poor girl. She needs more self-confidence.

ÉL LA LLEVÓ AL PARTIDO DE BASKET-BALL.



MIRA, EL HOMBRE ALTO PONE
LA PELOTA* EN EL CESTO.**

¡QUÉ FASCINANTE!

*ball **basket

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SARTRE
ESTÁ MUERTO.

¡ES TAN BRILLANTE!

¡ÉL SEDUJO A SU PROPIA HIJASTRA!



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¡INCREÍBLE!



¡SONRISA
GRANDE!



¡MIRA, ESTÁN JUNTOS
EN LA CAMA!*

ESTÁN HACIENDO
CUMPLIDOS Y HACIENDO
RUIDOS "ESNORING."



¡QUÉ FOTOS BONITAS!
VOY A GUARDARLAS AQUÍ
EN EL MANTO PARA QUE
TODO EL MUNDO LAS VEA.

*Look, they're together on the bed!



AL DÍA SIGUIENTE, PASABA POR SU APARTAMENTO, SÓLO PARA CHARLAR, CUANDO ME FIJÉ...



¡AIIYEEEE! ¡MIRA ESTO!
¡MIRA ESTO!

YO LE ROGUÉ A MI HIJA QUE TERMINARA LA RELACIÓN, PERO ELLA **NO ME ESCUCHÓ**.



¡MAMÁ! ¡MIA!

¿CÓMO PUDISTE
HACERLO?! ¡PUTA! *

*How could you do this?! Prostitutel

YO LE ROGUÉ A **ÉL** QUE TERMINARA LA RELACIÓN, PERO **NO ME ESCUCHÓ TAMPOCO**.



¿CÓMO PUDISTE
HACERLO?! ¡DIABLO! *

YO PENSABA QUE LE
AYUDARÍA A TENER
CONFIANZA EN SÍ MISMA.

*How could you do this?! Devill

TODAVÍA LE AMABA.
LE HICE **REGALOS ROMÁNTICOS**.



YO TENÍA EL **CORAZÓN DESTROZADO**. PENSABA **SUICIDARME...**



¡AIIYEEEE! ¡SE HA TIRADO
POR LA VENTANA!

...PERO DECIDÍ QUE NO.

YO PROBÉ TODO.



¡POR FAVOR! ¡VEN
AL HOTEL CARLYLE Y
TENDREMOS **RELACIONES
SEXUALES!** *

SI **INSISTES**.

*Let's have sex!

FINALMENTE, DECIDÍ TOMAR MI **VENGANZA**.



¡COMETÍ ABUSOS SEXUALES!

¡AIIYEEEE!

YO LE LLEVÓ A LOS TRIBUNALES.

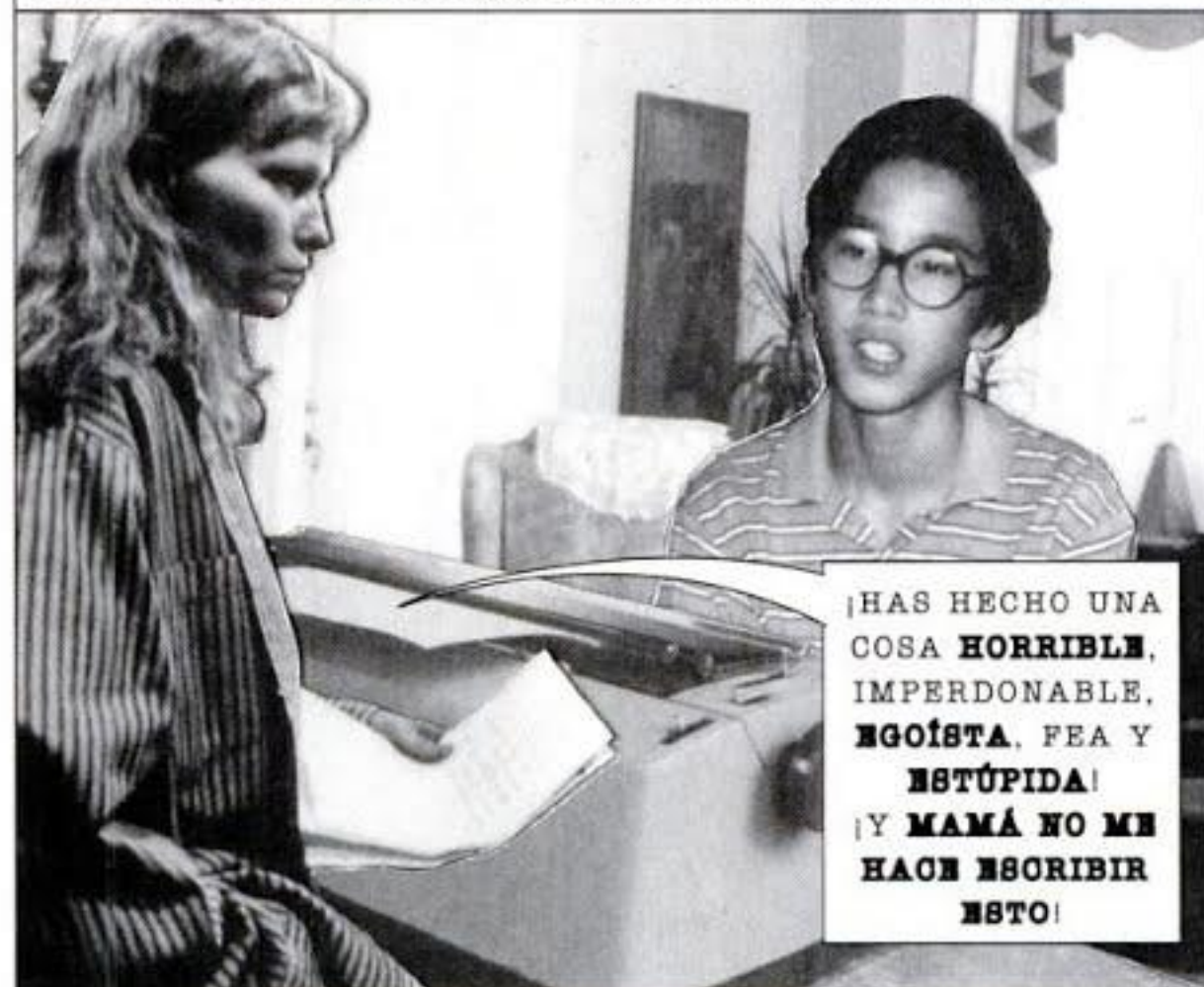


¿HAY ALGO MÁS?

SÍ, ES **HOMOSEXUAL**.*

*Yes, he's gay.

AL FINAL, SU PROPIO HIJO SE VOLVIÓ EN CONTRA DE ÉL.



¡HAS HECHO UNA COSA **HORRIBLE**, IMPERDONABLE, **EGOÍSTA**, FEA Y **ESTÚPIDA**! ¡Y **MAMÁ** NO ME HACE **ESCRIBIR** **ESTO**!

PERO HASTA EL FINAL, **MIS AMIGOS** ME PRESTARON SU APOYO.



HIS LEGS COULD BREAK. IT HAPPENS. ¿**COMPRENDES**?

SÍ.
¡JA!
¡JA!
¡JA!

HAY UN **HOMBRE** QUE ME DIO SU **AMOR** DESDE EL PRINCIPIO.* UN **HOMBRE** DIEZ VECES **MÁS MACHO**. UN **HOMBRE** QUE ME DIO SU **PROTECCIÓN** TODA MI VIDA. UN **HOMBRE** QUE, PARA MÍ, ES COMO UN **PAPÁ**.



*There's a man who gave me his love from the beginning.



¡HIJOS, AQUÍ ESTÁ SU NUEVO **PAPÁ**!

HOLA, YOU LITTLE TACOS. ¿DÓNDE ESTÁ THE GIN?

FIN

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T H E W H O ' S T O M M Y

T H E S T O R Y

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—LARRY KING, CNN/USA TODAY

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ME
FEEL
ME
TOUCH
ME

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This month: *Yeltsin knuckles under; Year of the Woman, Iran-style; an infidel in Paris; and Bill Clinton's little helper.* **June 1993**

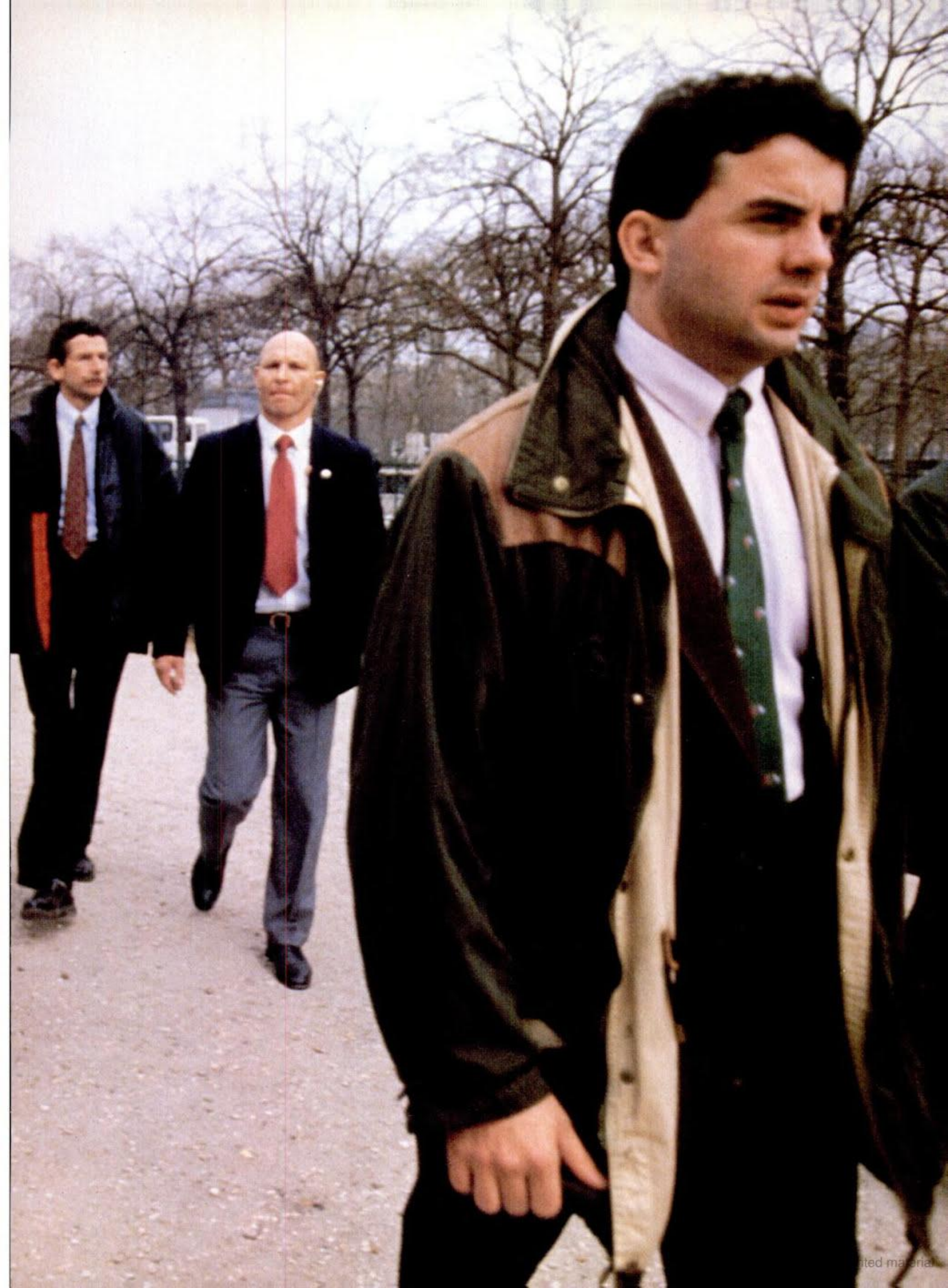


MY LEFT HAND Another blemished Russian leader struggles with international diplomacy.



SPY *BIG PICTURES*

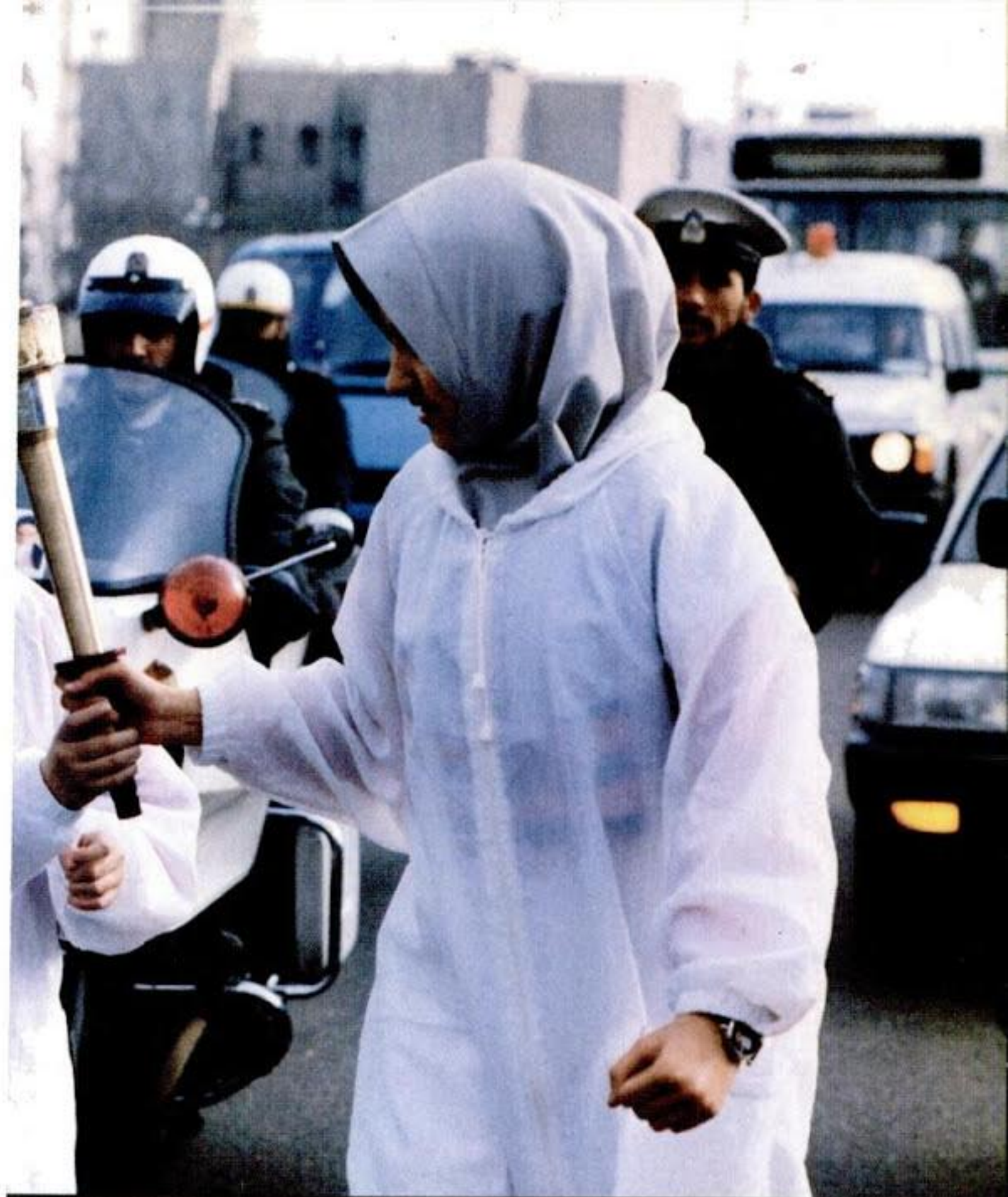
Salman Rushdie
in hiding, March 1993



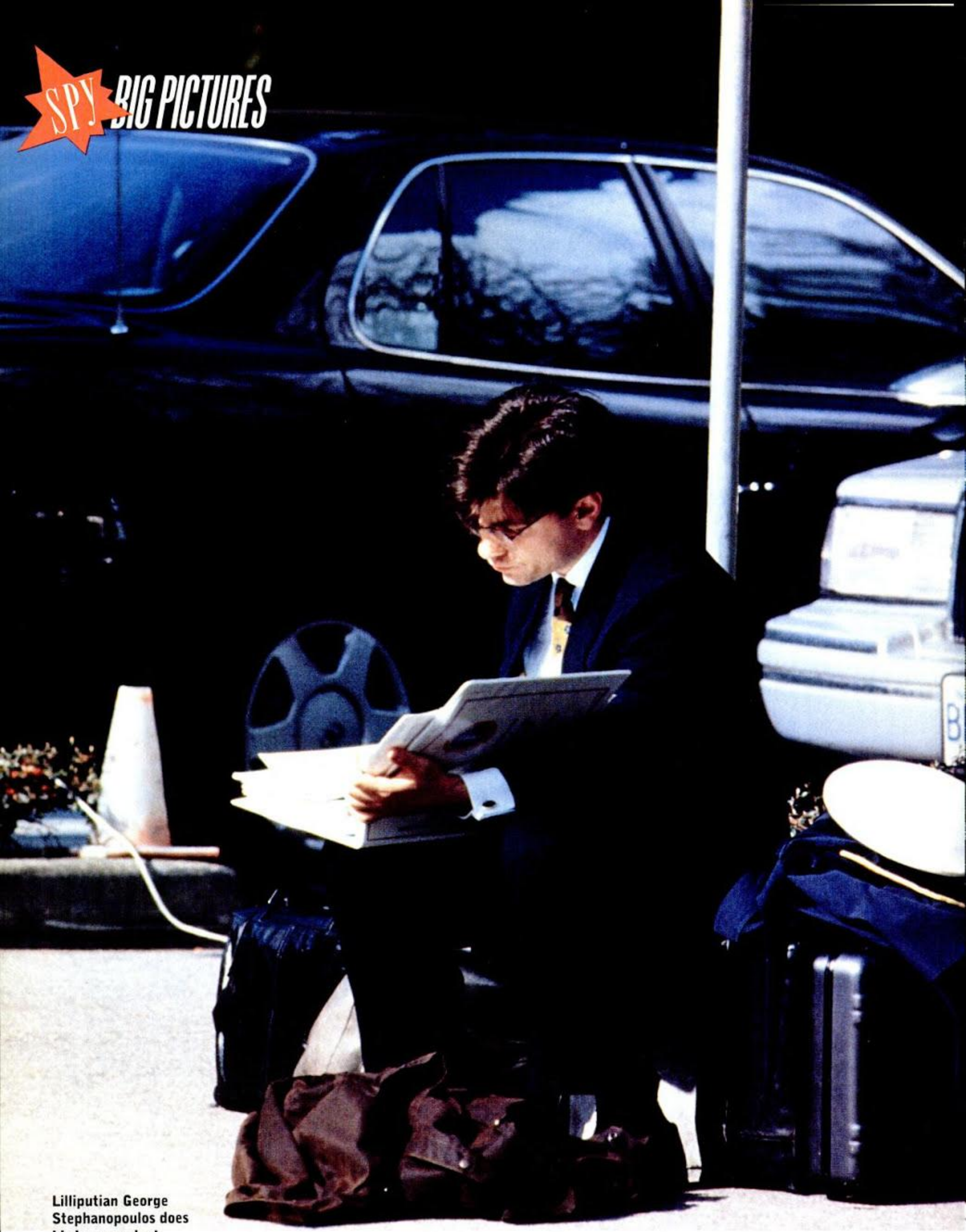
SPY BIG PICTURES



Censored photos from February's Tehran Games, the first Olympics-style competition exclusively for Islamic women



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Lilliputian George Stephanopoulos does his homework at the Vancouver Summit.

the times

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Damon, Happy 30th Birthday! Good-bye ship nights. Hello Nomad. XXX, Jen.

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I'M 50 AND I CAN'T GET UP! Mick Jagger, who has decided to sit out this dance in front of some restful snakeskin, decides to stand but experiences serious disagreement from his sacroiliac.



LOOKING FOR GOLD IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES Mary Lou Retton, still steady as a fireplug



Peter Fonda shows his complicated feelings for Confederate Dwight Yoakam.

I MISS THE THEATER Three of Hollywood's great stars discuss the film industry.

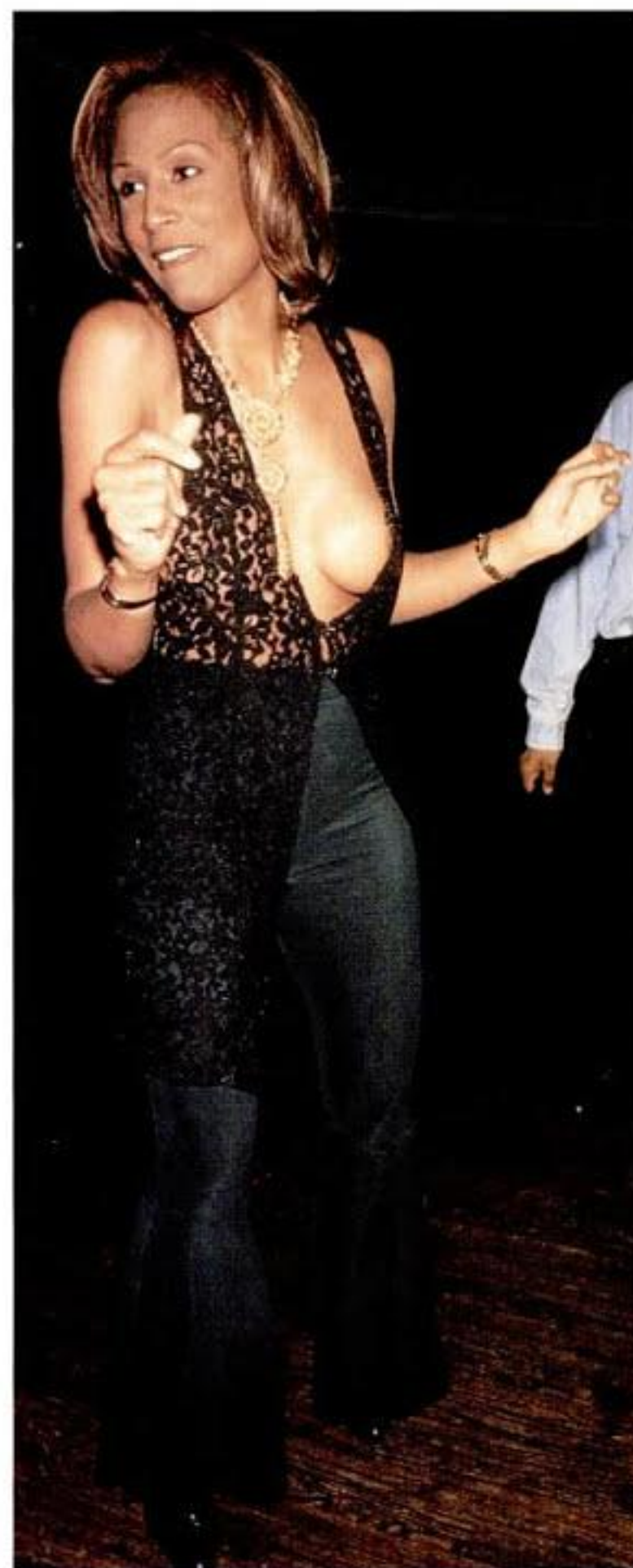
PARTY POOP.



BUT MY NEW BOYFRIEND SMOKE The widow Lennon attends opening with former spokesperson Sam "Toy Boy" Havadtoy, whose chest contains powerful igniting agent.



THE SHOW MUST GO ON Dangerous King of Pop Michael Jackson, showing his pluck, ignores the advice of a team of doctors by turning up at awards shows with, *left*, a sprained ankle and, *right*, a bad hair day.



Now a smashing 40 years old, Beverly Johnson shows why she's still a top model.

A-Word Glut

**The Time Has Come
for Insult-Freshening
by Roy Blount Jr.**

If any word has been run into the ground in America today, it is—well, *empowerment* too, of course, but I mean a word that has lost its pungence not only in political discourse but also in film, literature and the streets: *asshole*. I have just read in *Argonaut* magazine a piece of fiction by Legs McNeil entitled “Yuppie Like Me,” in which yuppies are denounced as such “fucking hypocrites,” “World-Class Sleazes” and “oversentimental horse thieves” that the only word for them is *assholes*. “‘I got tired of hanging out with assholes,’ I answered him” is the piece’s last sentence; in plural or singular, *asshole* occurs eight times all told.

I have been known to fall back on *asshole* myself. Once, in a parking garage after three expensively dressed young people began to scream at the attendant. He had locked their keys in their car.

They seethed, raved and carried on. How could anyone be so *stupid*, they demanded, as to lock the keys into a *Mercedes—their Mercedes*? “Why don’t you lock the keys into any of these *other cars*?” one of them cried. The attendant, who called to mind Morgan Freeman under torture in *Unforgiven*, kept trying to explain that he would call someone to jimmy the door open. They rolled their eyes, waved their arms and repeatedly identified themselves as attorneys.

Meanwhile, I was waiting for my car. They turned, wide-eyed with outrage, to me for support.

I said, “You are acting like yuppie assholes.”

They blanched, as one person, and gasped, “*Yuppie?*!”

That story may seem to answer

the question of this column before this column has gotten around to raising it—the question being, what word of insult still has any impact today?

But no. *Yuppie* is dated, and it never did fit any very considerable segment of the real population. What if the car had been mine, and I had wanted to insult the attendant? (He was in fact being a bit fatalistic.)

Somehow, though, we do need to get beyond *asshole*. It has become too easy. Extreme language cavalierly bandied about undermines the speaker: Mia calls Woody “satanic and evil”; John Gotti snarls, “You tell this punk...I...will sever your ----- head off”; Harley David Belew, a right-to-lifer and defender of the ban against gays in the military, avows, “We will not stand idly by and watch the fascist perverts from hell sodomize our U.S. military.”

Whereas in Moscow, of all places, members of the Congress of People’s Deputies show a certain acuity. Opponents of Yeltsin do not call him a running-dog lackey; they charge him with “democratic romanticism,” which is essentially what Republicans in this country hold against the Democrats, only they lack the nerve to use such a term because it doesn’t sound like anything an American ought to be against. A deputy who is seeking a sensible compromise in Russia’s constitutional struggle says, for his part, “Sometimes I feel like an ambassador of rock and roll in a country that has no rhythm”—which might be something Bill Clinton thinks, but which is far too biting for him to say.

But look to the recently Communist world for cutting-edge slurs? I don’t think so. Not having encountered any yuppies firsthand, the people over there got the idea in the 1980s that yuppieism was a people’s aspiration. Poor assholes.

Look instead to the aforementioned *Argonaut*, a refreshingly scurrilous new lefty publication. It was not the *assholes* in the *Argonaut* that got me thinking about the language of insult. It was the *cad*s.

**Yeltsin’s opponents
don’t call him a
running-dog lackey;
they charge him
with “democratic
romanticism”**

In McNeil’s piece a yuppie harpy cries, “What a *cad*!,” when an inside trader vomits in her apartment. And in a graceful memoir, Sally Belfrage notes that Noël Coward once said to her Red father (because he wore a soft collar at a first night), “You are a *cad*, sir!” (SPY may have been

ahead of a trend when, a couple of years ago, it published a story entitled “Portrait of the Artist as a Young *Cad*,” referring to Jay McInerney.)

A quaint aspersion. And yet, what if Mia had levelly called Woody’s dalliance with Soon-Yi the act of a *cad*? I think that would have stuck. ☺

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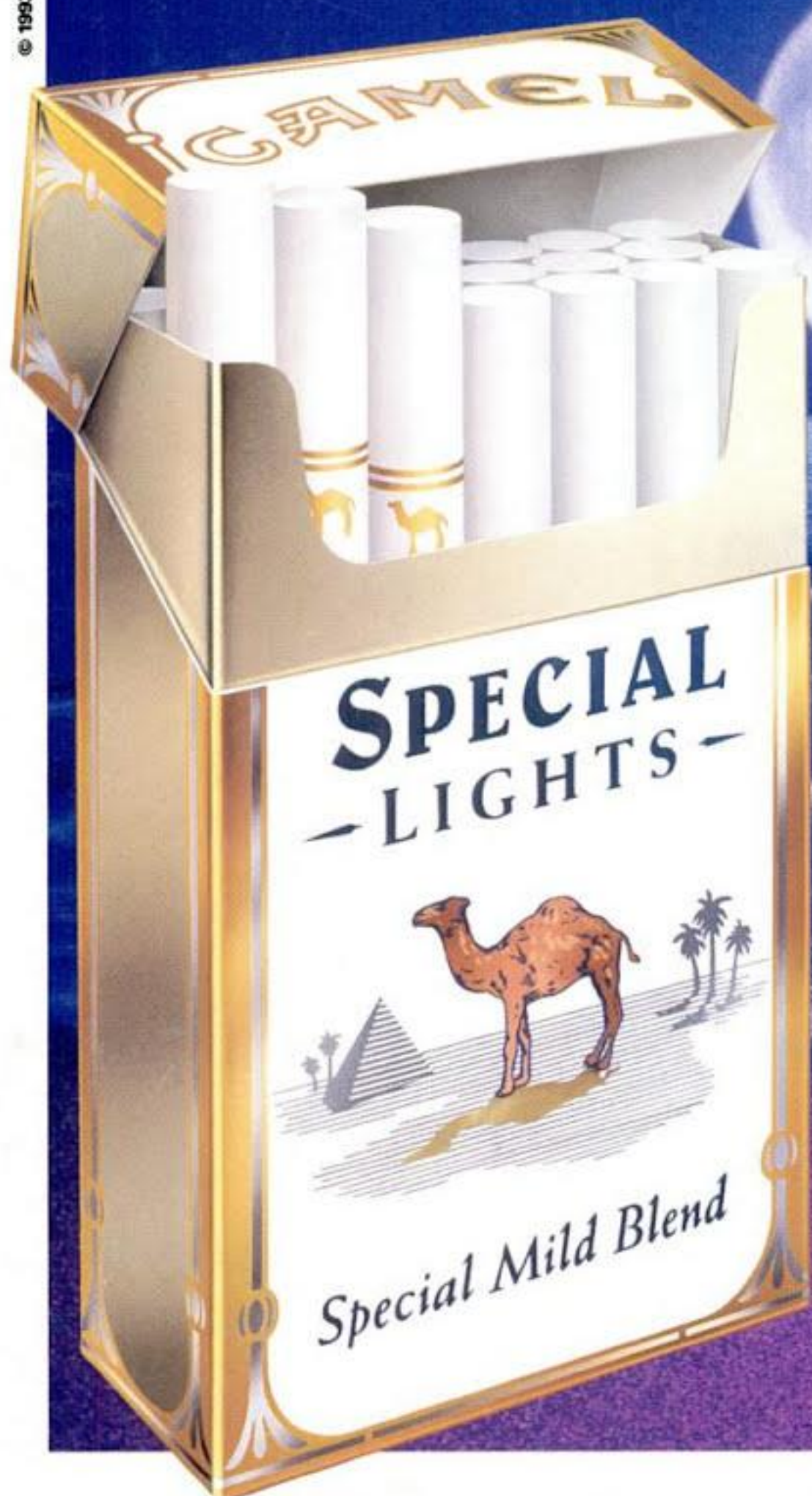
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